



LUCUBRATIONS
O F
GAFFER GRAYBEARD.



VOL. III.

THE LANCET

LUCUBRATIONS

OF

CAFFE BEARD.



THE LANCET

Vol. III.

LUCUBRATIONS

OF

GAFFER GRAYBEARD;

CONTAINING

Many remarkable Incidents never
before made public.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A S C A L E.

Qui capit, ille fecit.

V O L. III.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Roson, No. 54, St. Martin's
Le Grand.

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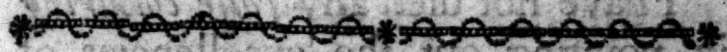


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LUCUBRATIONS
OF
GAFFER GRAYBEARD.



LETTER XXXVIII.

My dear friend,

ACCORDING to my promise, I now go on to inform you of some private anecdotes that will throw more light upon modern religion in this country than any thing I have yet written. I have examined the matter

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ter to the bottom: I have not, like one of my predecessors, jumped over it as a cat does over a harpsichord; but I have sought out truth; and, however it might have been concealed from the public eye, I have been able to present it to my friend, as simple and unadorned as the *Venus of Medicis*.

I have not used any *false colouring* in pointing out the excellencies of the virtuous; and you will find I have not brought myself under the imputation of false delicacy, in exposing those, who, under the mask of religion, are truly detestable. But let me come to the point; for you know I hate circumlocutions; nor would I, on any account whatever, take up the time, or tire the patience, of my friend, with unnecessary encomiums on my own abilities.

Mr.

Mr. John Brass-Kettle^{*} was born in the northern part of Cumberland, where his father kept a small farm; and John was designed for the plough: but his mother, being a Scotch woman, very religious, and a great enemy to moral or legal preaching, she resolved to have her favourite first-born son brought up a minister. This, like many things in common life, was a resolution more easily formed than reduced to practice: she did not foresee the many difficulties she had to encounter. She was willing to work, but she wanted both abilities and materials. Perseverance, however, enabled her to go through; which, in some measure, ought to be an encouragement to those who may happen to be in similar circumstances.

John, the father of our Reverend adventurer, was a man of religion;

B 2

that

^{*} John Potts.

4. LUCUBRATIONS OF

that is, he observed all its exterior duties; but his mind was fixed upon riches; or rather, as the poet says,

“Twas all unfeeling as the clod

“From whence his riches grew.”

He loved very well to hear the clergy, but he thought his son would make a much better figure, as Dr. South says, at a plough-tail. He thought that if he threw away money on learning him Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he might neither get a Kirk in Scotland, nor a Meeting in England; but the plough is a sure chance, unless people could be persuaded to live without bread. To obviate that difficulty, Margaret, the mother of our hero, told her husband, that, if he would permit her to make a minister of her son, she would contrive things in such a manner, that it should never cost him a single shilling.

“Indeed,

“Indeed, wife! But, pray, in
“what manner?”

“Why, my dear! you know I
“go to the market with our different
“articles; and I will take care, by
“mixing bad things with good ones,
“to save as much money in an *honest*
“way as will pay for all the educa-
“tion necessary to make Jocky a
“minister.”

“Well, I approve of your scheme;
“we are commanded to be indus-
“trious; and who knows, but, by
“a conduct of that nature, you may
“in a great measure put a stop to
“the growing luxury of the age,
“But, supposing you should be de-
“tected by some of the ungodly,
“would they not call you a cheat?”

“What signifies what the ungodly
“call us, John? even their most gross

“abuse is as good as praise; for they
“only hate us because we are the
“favourites of heaven. I don’t
“mind a ducking in a horse-pond,
“so as I can only see my dear Jocky
“brought up a minister. He has
“already made himself master of
“the Pilgrim’s Progress, and I hope
“to see him bring many pilgrims to
“rest.”

“But, will he get money, wife?
“That is the main thing: for, al-
“though I love preaching, yet I
“know that the best sermons will
“neither pay the rent, nor procure
“a joint of meat for dinner. It
“does very well for the soul; but,
“you know, it is the body we have
“to do with.”

“Be not afraid, John; God never
“left his own to perish. You know
“what I read yesterday in the Psalms:

“I

" I have been young, and now I am
 " old; but I never yet saw the just
 " man suffer, nor his seed begging
 " for bread.—You know, John, that
 " both you and I are religious per-
 " sons, which is much better than
 " being just ones; and, when our
 " dear Jocky once mounts the pul-
 " pit, grace will enter into him,
 " and he will be as an angel from
 " heaven."

" True, Margaret; but, do you
 " think we can get him a Kirk or a
 " Meeting?"

" O yes, John; for the Seceders
 " are now in great vogue in Scotland,
 " and they give their ministers much
 " more money for their labours of
 " love, than the established Church.
 " We will send him there for his
 " education; and I doubt not but his
 " popular abilities will soon place
 " him

"him at the head of a congregation."
 "tion."

"Well, I think you are right,
 "Margaret; only take care of the
 "horse-pond, and I shall have no
 "objections to your proposal."

But I must continue the subject in
 my next.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

My dear friend,

THE aged and *worthy* couple
 having finished their dialogue,
 young master John Brass-Kettle was,
 at the age of sixteen, sent to the
 grammar-school of a county parish,
 near the famous Roman wall which
 the

the emperor Severus built to prevent the northern Barbarians from making incursions into the Roman province.

At that seminary John remained near four years; and once he gave a striking proof of his knowledge in Roman antiquities.

Some country 'squires having been hunting a fox, the poor object of their resentment, or rather of their entertainment, was at last killed near that part of the wall, which, according to Horsley and Warburton, the Scots first broke down. Reynard, in his last agonies, laid his posteriors upon a flat stone, and there paid the debt of nature, to the no small entertainment of the brutish 'squires, who could take pleasure in seeing an animal, as wise as themselves, thus tormented to death.

The dogs having done their business to the satisfaction of their savage masters, one of the 'squires took notice of the stone upon which the mangled body of Reynard lay, and thought he saw some letters engraven upon it, tho' (to use his own words) he was no schollard.

The precious stone was immediately taken up; and it was proposed that the curate of the parish should be sent for, in order to unravel the mystery. This proposal was overruled by another of the 'squires, who took notice that the schoolmaster was a better schollard than the curate, and he was the most proper person to be employed. *Nem. con.* says another, and let him be sent for.

Accordingly Mr. Pedagogue was sent for; and, after having covered his nose with a pair of spectacles, made

made during the sitting of the Rump parliament, he pronounced, that the word upon the stone was *Decem*, and that the English of it was Ten.

“ Decem, says one of the 'squires;
 “ why I know that means ten; but
 “ why was Decem put upon this
 “ stone?” “ That I cannot answer,
 “ said the schoolmaster; but I have
 “ a scholar whose name is Johnny
 “ Brass-Kettle, he can tell you.”

Johnny was immediately sent for; and, after he had attentively considered the stone, with its valuable contents, he told the gentlemen, that this stone had been fixed in the wall in memory of the Tenth Legion having assisted, along with the Cohorts, in building the wall. Legio, he said, was broken off; but he mentioned, that, according to Tacitus, the seventh and tenth legion had

had been long in Britain; and therefore he did not doubt but this was one of their monuments.

The 'squires were so pleased with what Johnny said in decyphering the inscription on the stone, that they gave him half a crown, and a suit of left-off cloaths. The poor school-master, who could say no more than that *Decem* meant *Ten*, received a volley of curses, which had such an effect upon his tender nerves, that he took to his bed, and died, without ever having a future opportunity of explaining *propria quæ maribus*.

John was now thought properly qualified for the university, but he could not be sent to any of those in England, because of the oaths that are imposed upon every one who is matriculated. Nor was it much better in Scotland, where all the students

dents, before they can take any degrees, are obliged to subscribe the Westminster confession of faith. Not that John had any objection to swallow doctrines he did not understand, but merely on account of his mother, who was a most violent stickler for the Seceders in Scotland, whom she looked upon as angels of light sent out by the Almighty to dispel the mists of ignorance from the minds of the people, and make them as expert in the use of the covenant, as they were in the last century, when they opposed the whole force of the civil power.

This knotty point being properly settled in the court of conscience, it was agreed upon that John should be sent to one of the academies kept in Scotland for the education of those young men, who, by their labours, were to lend an helping hand in
pro-

promoting the interests of the covenant. All sorts of moral obligations were to be out of the question; and he who would promise to knock a bishop on the head, was to have a presentation to heaven.

It was not long before John made himself master of *Turretin*, *Mark*, and *Urfinus*, and he was sent out into the vineyard, not with a spade in his hand, nor a pruning-hook, but armed at all points with the sword of the *Gospel*. As he could write a good hand, the Seceders made choice of him as the clerk of their assemblies; and there being some profelytes in London, John was sent thither to administer consolation to them. He had not, however, been long in the metropolis, when a schism took place among the Seceders; and John, from motives of interest, took part with the Burghers

OF

or Double Swearers. His throat was large, and he could gulp down oaths with the greatest facility. The rupture that took place among his people, as well as his subsequent conduct, shall be the subject of my next.

I am, &c.



LETTER XL.

My dear friend,

I Have, in one of my former letters, given you an account of the rupture that took place among the Seceders in Scotland, in consequence of some objections being stated, whether the solemn league covenant could be taken by any one who at the same time swore allegiance to the government? or, in other

other words, whether a man ought to swear that he will do all in his power to overturn the religion established by law in his country? or, whether he may not take the above oath, and at the same time swear that he will do all in his power to support the established religion.

Mr. Brass-Kettle was at that time minister of a congregation of Scotch emigrants, in London: he had acquired a great share of popularity; and such a stickler was he for the covenant, that, having heard that his clerk, a poor jobbing taylor, went one evening into the meeting of an Independant minister, he suspended him from singing a single stave full six months.

The news of the rupture was communicated to John by a pedlar, who brought the decree of the Associate

sociate Synod up from Edinburgh to London in his wallet; and he was left to chuse which party he would follow. If John was not a first-rate wit, he was at least a plodding genius; and, altho' very phlegmatic, yet he was not blind to his own interest. He knew that either party was sufficient to support him, but he thought it much better to adhere to that which had the greatest number of members.

One of John's hearers, a Scotchman, and an eminent hair-merchant, had as much religion as the Pharisees of old; and besides (no inconsiderable qualification for a dissenter) he was very rich. This gentleman took part with the double swearers; and John, who had his own interest in view, thought he could not do better than humour him. He declared himself a Burgher; and, in consequence

quence thereof, he was given over to be tormented by the Devil, in pursuance of an excommunication of the Anti-Burgher Synod at Edinburgh. But trifles never affect great minds. John had a soul superior to all the little rubs so commonly met with in life. He had read the Pope's Bull for the excommunication of Queen Elizabeth; and he knew that the same knavery, practised by the conclave of Cardinals, was, in an inferior manner, carried on in the different associate synods. He filled his pipe, and he lighted it with the *precious* paper upon which the excommunication was written. Mr. Strong, the hair-merchant, who loved the outside of religion as well as an antiquarian does an Otho, an Egyptian mummy, or a stone dug out of the Roman wall, took a meeting for John, in order that he might preach to as many double swearers

as

as were then in London. This was a generous act; and for some time John reaped the benefit of it; but, as ill-luck would have it, he was led into a snare he little expected.

John was amorous; he loved a handsome woman; but, whatever freedoms he had taken in private, yet he never seriously resolved to put his neck in the yoke. "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." The decorated frontispiece in Long Acre, and the avenues leading to Covent-Garden, had often afforded him pleasure; but he was determined to have a wife of his own; or, in other words, he resolved to be HONEST.

He communicated his sentiments on that subject to his landress, with whom he had been some time *intimately acquainted*, and asked her advice

vice

vice in what manner to proceed. She told him that there was a young widow visited at her house, whose husband had been master of a coasting-veffel; and, as she had a turn for religion, there was not the least doubt but a bargain might be made up between them. John was transported with joy; he promised himself uninterrupted happiness; and no sooner had he seen the widow than he was in love with her. It was no difficult matter to obtain her consent; for she wanted a husband, as well as a subsistence. She saw that John was handsome; she had penetration enough to find out that he would never lose sight of his own interest; and, as her thoughts were mean, low, vulgar, and grovelling, she did not *care* what he was, so as he could dress her in a silk gown, and support her as a *lady*.

The

The match was concluded; but John soon found that he had reckoned without his host. He had not consulted his people; and, as the woman was no more than a carnal member of the church of England, they told him that she was no better than a heathen.

Mr. Strong, the hair-merchant, was enraged to the highest degree; and, in order to be revenged on the *worthy* Mr. John Brass-Kettle, he left his meeting, and joined himself to one under the direction of an old fellow who had preached twenty-five years on the different colours of Joseph's coat. *

Mr. Brass-Kettle was now left in very deplorable circumstances: his wife was pregnant; and, instead of seeing any probability of supporting her in child-bed, he had not where-
withal

* Robert Bragge,

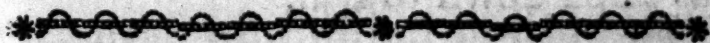
withal to purchase her a dinner. But the learned are ever ready in finding a remedy for the most inveterate maladies. Some journeymen taylors, who had been some time in London, became converts to the Independant Religion, and they went to settle at their native place, Kelso, in the south of Scotland, near where John was born. They heard that he had been discarded, both by the single and the double swearers; and they resolved to have him as their pastor.

One of the body was deputed to wait upon John, in London; who no sooner heard the proposal than he hired a horse, and, mounting his wife behind himself, set out for the scene of action, where he was immediately chosen pastor. A small freehold was left him by one of the members, for his natural life; but,
by

by a codicil annexed, it was to be enjoyed by him no longer than he remained pastor of the congregation.

How far he complied with such equitable rules must be the subject of another letter; for John has just now sent for me to drink a tankard of beer along with him at the White Lyon.

I am, &c.



LETTER XLI.

My dear friend,

JOHN had not been settled above two years with his new congregation, when he gave a specimen of his gratitude, that filled his hearers with astonishment, and unhappily made

made some of them turn their backs upon all religious duties. Indeed, it is an acknowledged truth, that false professors of Christianity are the greatest enemies of the gospel. It is by them that weak minds are led to stumble from the truth; for, to teach the duty of a Christian, and the teacher to live like a Devil, or as if there was no God to take notice of his actions, is like one pointing to heaven with one of his hands, while with the other he is leading his pupil down to hell.

While John was in London, preaching to the Seceders, he was much followed by the Independants, who were extremely fond of his doctrine, tho' they did not understand his covenant-work. A body of these people, who had for many years assembled in Shoemaker-Street, Spitalfields, under the ministry of
of

of an old stay-maker, happened to lose their *worthy* and *learned* pastor, who left about ten thousand pounds to a hell rake of a son, and it was not long before it was spent in the purloins of Covent-Garden. Thus, you see, how we all work for each other; we are links of the same chain. The Independant minister saves ten thousand pounds, the reward of his spiritual knowledge; and his son, who loves the flesh more than the spirit, spends it among whores, who at last become penitent, and carry the remainder of their profits to the tabernacle; in return for which they are told that their sins are pardoned. But let me come to the point. The stay-maker's body being safely deposited in Bunhill-Fields, there was silence in the congregation for some days; but, at last, one of the members, who thought himself much wiser than the

others, proposed sending a call to John Brass-Kettle. This was violently opposed by some of the leading members, but the friends of John, being determined to carry their point, brought all the poor members who were in the different work-houses in London, and their votes overpowered those of the opposite party.

It is true there was some bribery in the affair; but what signifies that? it was only imitating the conduct of their betters. Indeed, for my own part, I cannot see why a poor man or woman, for the consideration of a guinea, may not with the same propriety be brought out of a work-house to vote for a minister, as a burghers of a corporation to be taken out of prison to vote for a member of parliament. The consequences are the same; both are perjured; both receive the wages of iniquity; and

and want makes those wages acceptable. The poor Independant, as soon as he has voted, is obliged to return to the work-house: and within these seven years I knew a patriotic Baronet who took a man out of the county gaol to vote for him, at the rate of five guineas; and, as soon as the election was over, he was put safe into his old lodgings.

The majority of the congregation having thus voted for the Reverend Mr. John Brags-Kettle; the religious skinner, mentioned in the former part of this work, was sent ambassador, or, as they call it, messenger, to desire John to come and take possession of his place.

John received the messenger with great formality, and told him he would go and ask counsel of God; that is, he would go and pray.

Well, he did so; and, after some time, he returned, and told the skinner that he found a call within himself to enter upon the work of the ministry in Shoemaker-Street, Spitalfields. The skinner embraced John, and then shed tears of joy; while the other looked extremely grave, as if all his thoughts had been centered on divine things. Perhaps you will be apt to say, that John only went to pray, in compliance with a custom. True, it was no more; for he had previously embraced the proposal. Mr. Hanway tells us, that, when he was travelling to the camp of Kouli Khan, there were some prisoners in his company; and they, being anxious concerning their fate, took sticks, and set them up on end in the snow, that by their falling to a particular point they would know whether they were to be acquitted or condemned.

“ But

“ But (says Mr. Hanway) I could see
 “ that they made the stick fall ac-
 “ cording to their wish.” I leave
 you to make the application.

John's Scottish hearers no sooner heard that he was going to leave them than they met in a body, and drove the skinner over Kelfo bridge; and he, being afraid that they would serve him as some of their ancestors did archbishop Sharp, never looked behind him till he had got safely into Northumberland. In the mean time, John told the people, that, like Balaam's ass of old, he could not go against the word of the Lord. The men fretted, the women cried; but John, who was wiser than either, remained inflexible.

When they found that nothing would prevail, they demanded the assignment that they had made him of the estate. What do you think?

C 3

John

John refused to give it up, and even set them at defiance. I have been told that Mr. Aldwinkle took the hint from this part of John's conduct. However, the injured people filed a bill in Equity before the lords of the session at Edinburgh, and John was condemned in costs of suit. As he could not pay the money, and as letters of *horning*, i. e. *capias ad satisfaciendam*, were issued against him, he was obliged to take to his heels; and, with his wife behind him, upon the back of a Highland pony, John Brass-Kettle arrived in London.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

My dear friend,

JOHN was greatly in want of money when he came to London; but the skinner, to whose house he immediately repaired, supplied all the deficiencies till such time as a year's salary became due. The skinner, indeed, had some thoughts that John would return the money he had advanced to him; but John was of a contrary opinion. He looked upon himself as in possession of a large quantity of the gospel, and he thought it his duty to sell it as dear as possible; he was not to throw handfuls of pearls before swine. No; he knew better things.

To convince the people that he was sent from God, and that his dis-

courses were the effect of divine inspiration, John entertained his auditory with a series of sermons on the call given to Jonah, when he was sent to preach to the Ninevites. Some people shrewdly suspected that John had a design against the established church; or, rather, that he wanted to make all the people in London *Independants*. Indeed, there are many people in London who love independancy; witness our patriots; who are not only independant of the ministry, but sometimes also of the laws; and, at other times, independant of each other. But that has been very judiciously ascribed to black spots growing under their tongues.

There is another sort of Independants in London; I mean the gentlemen who lay travellers under contributions. These gentlemen love

love to live independantly of the laws; but, for all that, I have seen some of their lives depending on the voice of a man, and some of their bodies suspended at Tyburn.

John, however, went on swimmingly; and, an only child having been fatally killed by an unforeseen accident, John preached a *melting* sermon on the occasion, and then devoted his future life to avarice.

Among John's hearers was a noted Scotch baker, who by short weights and adulterated flour had procured a considerable fortune; and, as he lent money on exorbitant interest, John thought he might do the same. He knew that the best place for a usurer to exercise his talents is where many lower sorts of tradesmen reside, because they are constantly in want of money. Accordingly he took a

C 5

small

small house in one of the suburbs, noted for the residence of some hundreds of watch-makers. The place made choice of by John to display his willingness to *assist* his fellow-creatures, was a public house, in the neighbourhood where he lived, known by a White Lion hanging over the door, and noted for feasting on bastard children. The landlord was a brutish fellow, but he loved money, and John loved him; and the landlady being a Welchwoman, she had a natural regard for John, because he was born in Cumberland; for, according to bishop Stillingfleet, the Cambrians and Cumbrians are both descendants of the ancient Britons. John went in the evening to drink his tankard, smoke his pipe, and reconnoitre the ground; or, in other words, to find out who were in want of money; that he might advance them some on good security,

a large premium, and five *per cent.* interest. At first he thought to have taken more than five *per cent.* but his friend the baker told him, if he did so, an action on the case would lie against him for usury. He soon found out the circumstances of his pot-companions; and one Mr. *Overway* borrowed from John twenty pounds, upon the conditions already mentioned. *Overway* was a brazier, who had a large family, and very little business. He was an honest man, but the obligation he was under to John made him a sot; for he neglected his business in order to keep company with him at the White Lion. At last the time of payment came round, and John demanded the money; but *Overway* could not muster up any more than fifteen pounds, which he offered him, and desired a few weeks longer to make up the rest. John

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flew into a violent passion; and the same day arrested the brazier by virtue of a special original.

Bail was given to the sheriff, and afterwards to the action, at a judge's chambers; but, before the return of the writ, the money was tendered to John, upon condition that he would pay one half of the expences. This he absolutely refused to do; upon which the gentlemen who had given bail for *Overway* appeared upon the return, and justified, in order to stand a trial at law against an Independent clergyman.

John retained Sir Bullface Double-Fee as his counsel; and, after a trial that lasted ten hours, the poor brazier was cast and condemned to pay the twenty pounds, and twenty-five pounds of costs. This obliged him to abscond, lest he should be committed

committed to prison; but judgment having been entered up, John's attorney took out an execution, which the sheriff of Middlesex served in the brazier's house.

The gentlemen, whose humanity had induced them to bail *Overway*, paid the money, and gave the poor brazier time to pay it as well as he could consistent with the nature of his circumstances. But John was not always so successful; for, as the proverb says, those that play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers,—those who are slaves to covetousness will sometimes meet with such disappointments, that, to use the gamesters phrase, they will be taken in.

I am, &c.

LETTER

. LETTER XLIII.

My dear friend,

THE people who used to meet at the White Lyon were filled with indignation when they found in what an inhuman manner John had used the poor brazier, and they were determined to try if it was not as practicable to cheat him, as for his hearers to be cheated by him. Accordingly they made choice of a young fellow, a cutler, who had lately come from Sheffield; and it was agreed that he should, in the presence of John, harangue upon the vast advantages that would arise from his trade, if he had but a capital to carry it on. John, with an avaritious heart, listened to the cutler's knavish declamation; and, waiting for a proper opportunity, told

told him to call at his house next day. The cutler found he had started the game, and he resolved to hunt it down. One difficulty indeed lay in his way, and that was the want of proper security: but great minds are not afraid of trifles. Indeed John saved him the trouble of finding bondsmen; for he entered into partnership with him.

The cutler told John that the profits would amount to fifty *per cent.* and that was to be equally divided between them. John took down a volume of the Dutch annotations, and, pulling a bank note of one hundred pounds from between the leaves, told the cutler it was sanctified, gave it him, and desired him to go, and prosper.

The cutler went, it is true; but where do you think he went? why he

he set out the same day for Sheffield, where he lived till he spent all the money, and then enlisted for a soldier; after which a Frenchman knocked out his brains, with the butt end of his musket, at the battle of Minden.

John lamented the loss of his money with real sorrow; but what signifies repentance, when it comes too late. But, notwithstanding such a loss, yet John had a weak side; for, as the moralist says, “a cheat is, of all others, the most easily cheated.”

One of John's hearers, or rather his customers, kept a barber's shop in the city; and he, like many others, wanted money. He knew that John was rich; he was no stranger to his vanity; and, being well acquainted with his weak side, he

he was continually, while in his company, flattering him as if he had been an angel.

John was extremely handsome; he had fine shapes, a florid countenance, and chefnut-coloured hair. He was so fond of his hair, that he could not be perfuaded to wear a wig; and he had formed a refolution to be a hairy man to the laft. But refolutions (efpecially good ones) are more eafily formed than adhered to. I have fomewhere read of a hero, or rather a tyrant, who was fo fhocked when he looked upon the devaftation made in a town by a fieve, that he refolved never more to draw his fword; but it was all nonfence; for the very next year he laid a whole country in ruins.

It was much the fame with the Reverend Mr. John Brafs-Kettle;
for

for altho' he had resolved never to cut his hair off, yet such is the weakness of human nature, that he contrived means by which he was under a necessity of submitting to the tonsure, unless he had been able to divest himself of avarice. The barber, after a long detail of his experience in divine things, and some *striking* remarks on the dispensations of Providence, told John that he was sure of a blessing upon his labours, could he only procure the small sum of twenty pounds. John lamented the conduct of the cutler; but, as ill-luck would have it, he recollected that the knavish cutler was a Church of England man, and consequently was never converted. This part of John's conduct must remain a convincing proof of his weakness: but you must not imagine that his weakness was connected with innocence. No, my friend; you remember what
baron

baron *Monteney* said in the court of Exchequer in Ireland, on the Anglesey trial, in ejectment, "wickedness" and weakness go hand in hand together."

John knew that he had imposed on others under the mask of religion, and yet he thought his hearers such dupes that they would not impose upon him. He lent the barber the money, and it was soon spent in the following manner:

Eight pounds were laid out in the purchase of hair, blockheads, basons, and razors; ten pounds for a silk gown for his wife; and forty shillings for a coach and four, to make a party of pleasure at the Star and Garter on Richmond hill.

John had often taught his hearers not to delay repentance till the eleventh

venth hour; but the barber was so far from minding what he said, that he delayed payment till the clock struck twelve; or, in other words, he had no money to pay when John came to demand it.

John raged like a madman; he forgot his wonted taciturnity; and threatened to excommunicate poor *Tonsor*. The barber begged hard; but John resolved to take a cruel revenge.

He went home, got his wife to cut off his hair, sent for the barber to make him a wig, and insisted upon lodging on the first floor of his house till such time as the money was paid.

The horrors of a prison obliged the barber to comply; for John threatened him with a special original:

ginal: but, before he and his wife had lodged six months with the barber, the landlord seized the goods of the house; and those of John's were obliged to make good the deficiency. John had often taught resignation to the divine will, but now all his fortitude forsook him; and, in revenge for his loss, he arrested the barber, and threw him into prison; where he remained till nature sunk under the severity of his sufferings, and he died of a broken heart.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

My dear friend,

JOHNS Brass-Kettle was not such a fool, but that he knew how to bring good out of evil. It is true he had been cheated by the knavish Sheffield cutler; but he recollected, that, in going along the streets one day, he saw a chariot, with an assumed shield, and the following motto:

“ NEVER DESPAIR.”

“ A lucky hint, (cried John) and
 “ I will improve it to my own
 “ advantage. Despair! No, why
 “ should I? What signifies the cut-
 “ ler’s cheating me out of a trifle?
 “ I can cheat twenty for his one.
 “ He only cheated me out of a
 “ trifle;

“trifle; but I will cheat, at least,
 “one hundred fools out of their
 “souls, in consequence of receiving
 “a valuable consideration. There
 “is no such thing as honesty in the
 “world; nor do I desire there should
 “be. The physician cheats us by
 “his *nostrums*; the lawyer by his
 “*latitats*, and *bills of Middlesex*;
 “and we, who are divines, can give
 “each of them a helping hand to
 “a peaceable possession of that coun-
 “try from whence they will never
 “return to tell tales. We have cer-
 “tificates ready for their immediate
 “use; and, in consequence of their
 “paying us a certain sum, we can
 “usher them into eternity, and then
 “laugh at them.”

Hopeful resolutions are most com-
 monly attended with beneficial con-
 sequences; at least it was so with
 John Brass-Kettle; for no sooner had
 he

he finished his soliloquy than the tall Scotch baker made his appearance before him, and the following dialogue took place.

“How do you do, Mr. Brafs-
“Kettle? I am glad to fee you look
“fo florid: you have not, I hope,
“had any conflicts with Satan lately;
“and I doubt not but you have
“been enabled to submit to the lofs
“you met with at the White Lion.”

“Thefe are bad times, Mr. Penny-
“loaf; for the love of many waxeth
“cold. You know that I have al-
“ways preached the gofpel; (be-
“tween you and I, I dont fay that
“I lived confiftent with it); and,
“pray, what reward do you think
“I got? Why a roguifh cutler tipt
“me out of a cool hundred, which
“I had received in the religious
“way, (*sub intellegitur*) and now
“the

"the fellow has enlisted for a soldier.
 "What shall I do? Shoemaker-
 "Street will not be able to support
 "me. A parcel of poor bunting
 "Scotch fellows come there; but
 "they have no money; none of
 "them will subscribe for a feast:
 "for, you know, oatmeal is dear;
 "and brimstone has been scarce
 "ever since the destructive wars
 "begun between the Turks and the
 "Russians."

"Keep up your spirits, my dear
 "and reverend pastor, (said the
 "baker); I have something to com-
 "municate that will make up all
 "your losses.—A young fellow, a
 "native of Cornwall, and nephew
 "to the Dancing Bear, has been
 "some years a strolling player; but
 "now he is converted, and born
 "again."

VOL. III.

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"Well,

*Joseph G. Wennah.

"Well, but what can he do to
 "serve me?" (said John).

"Have patience, and I will tell
 "you," (said the baker).

"You must know that this young
 "fellow, being along with a strolling
 "party at Falmouth, (ah sinful age!)
 "the manager ordered him to get
 "by heart the soliloquy in Hamlet;
 "and, that he might do it with-
 "out interruption, he took a walk
 "among the rocks.

"He had not been long there,
 "when a storm arose, and he was
 "obliged to take shelter under one
 "of those impending fragments of
 "stones which Mr. Borlase calls the
 "remains of a Druidical temple.
 "There he remained till he saw
 "the waves of the sea making to-
 "wards him, in the manner de-
 "scribed

“scribed by Mr. Persall: and the
 “storm being violent, he looked
 “up, and thought the rock was
 “going to tumble upon him. The
 “fears of death had such an effect
 “on his mind, that he went home
 “as soon as the storm was over,
 “and sent a letter to his uncle, tel-
 “ling him that he was converted.
 “His uncle sent for him; and, in
 “order to cleanse him from all im-
 “purity, ducked him over head and
 “ears in the Meeting. It is now
 “resolved to send him out into the
 “vineyard as an able labourer;
 “and, as you are to preach his
 “ordination-sermon, I would have
 “you to publish the account of his
 “miraculous conversion. Every re-
 “generate person in England will
 “buy it; and the profits will enable
 “you to make up all the loss suf-
 “tained by the cutler.”

The baker having finished his harangue, John embraced the proposal; and soon afterwards appeared *The Christian Experience of the Nephew of the Dancing Bear.*

But, alas! it did not answer the end proposed; for the regenerate seldom read much; and even their clergy thought the conversion of so romantic a nature, that none but a vagabond strolling player would have written it, nor any but one whose mind was intent on the love of money would have published it. The jolly Doctor, the master of the academy, said, that *John Brass-Kettle* ought to have his ears cut off as close by the roots as poor *Prynn's* were for writing the *Historia Masticks*. John still lives; and, what is very strange, he still preaches: but his character is altogether odious; and the skinner has withdrawn himself from

from his Meeting. The case was as follows :

The skinner, having received the money for the living, went down into the country, to purchase a small freehold estate, in order that he might have an opportunity of per-juring himself at the next general election for Knight of the Shire. This was no way agreeable to John; for he thought that the skinner ought to have given him a little of the money : and John never considered himself injured, without meditating a severe revenge.

He told the people that the skinner was too much in love with riches ever to be a disciple of Christ, and therefore proposed to excommunicate him. Some of the leading men envied the skinner, because he had got money ; and, in compliance with

the request of worthy Mr. John, the delinquent was sent to the devil, with a certificate of his crimes, that he might be punished according to his demerits.

The skinner was intraged to the highest degree, and threatened to publish what I am now writing; namely, an account of John Brass-Kettle's adventures; but money, that all-powerful advocate, bought him off; and now, in his advanced years, he has given up business at *Baw*, and become a merchant's clerk.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

My dear friend,

THERE are some philosophers who never look upon human nature but in its darkeſt colours. They are ready to find fault; but they have the utmoſt averſion againſt ſpeaking well, even of the moſt virtuous characters. Certainly ſuch a conduct is truly diabolical; and Dr. Huchinſon, in his remarks on the Fable of the Bees, aſcribes it to a wrong turn in education.

I am not of the Doctor's opinion; for I rather think that it is the effect of a natural temper, dreſſed up and ſet off by falſe notions of religion. I remember Mr. John Pidgeon, an eminent taylor in London, and for many years a firſt-rate pretender to religious

D 4

religious

* John Dove.

religious experience, happened one day to incur the displeasure of Mr.
 × Carp, his minister; but not till John had, by his influence, procured the ruin of one hundred journeymen of his own trade, and sent their wives and children to the work-house.

This man was a most unfeeling wretch; he was utterly destitute of bowels of compassion: but, for all that, his minister used him in a manner altogether inconsistent with the character which he bore as a preacher of the gospel.

This conduct of the preacher so enraged the taylor, that he not only left the Meeting, but declared war against all mankind, and wrote several pamphlets that have been of considerable service to the chandlers-shops, and to such taylors as could not afford to purchase parchment.

In

× Samuel Pike.

In short, the town was surfeited with his rubbish; and, in return, that nothing should be wanting on his part to take an ample revenge, he treated every one who happened to be in his company with the utmost contempt.

If any man pretended to religious knowlege, he called him a hypocrite; if another spoke of politics, he said he was either a Scotchman, or a defender of arbitrary measures in government; if history was the subject, all those who mentioned it were liars; if philosophy, they were fools; and, if honesty, they were cheats.

In this manner the taylor went on for some time; till, at last, death laid his silent hand upon him; and his remains were deposited, along with those of his ancestors, in Bunhill-fields. He was an enemy to

every one, and his hand was bent on doing mischief. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to hear of the ruin of a fellow-creature; and it may be justly said of him, that he spent his latter years in preparing himself for hell.

Such, my friend, was the genuine character of John Pidgeon, chairman of the committee of taylors, who met together for no other purpose but that of oppressing the poor journeymen. But, surely, you don't imagine that I want to copy after his example. No: I have mentioned faults; but my doing so was in order to promote, if possible, a reformation. On every occasion I shall do justice to real merit: and, altho' a John Brass-Kettle may be found among the dissenting clergy, and a John Pidgeon among the laity, yet they ought to be considered in

no

no other light than as foils to set off diamonds. Christ had a Judas in his family; and it is well known that Ham was saved in the ark made by his father Noah.

The iniquities that I have seen among the different professors of religion, particularly such as pretend to an interview with the Deity, have not soured my temper; nor should I have ever exposed them, had it not been to give some information to my friend, to caution him against deception: but I shall now convince you of my impartiality by presenting you with the character of a dissenting minister totally opposite to that of John Brass-Kettle.

of an old man, who lived in Christ's Hospital, in the city of London. The father was one of those men who acquire riches under the

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LETTER XLVI.

My dear friend,

TO paint vice in its most odious colours, to represent original righteousness in its primitive light, and to teach men the way to obtain the divine favour, ought to direct the pen of every one who writes on theological subjects. Whether I am intitled to an appellation consistent with the above, I shall leave you to judge; but, certain it is, my own heart does not condemn me. However, let me go on with my narrative; for I know you want information.

* Mr. Samuel Carpet was the son of an eminent tradesman, who lived in Christ's Hospital, in the city of London. The father was one of those men who acquire riches under

* Dr Wilton.

the mask of religion; or, in other words, he was getting money while he professed a contempt for all earthly things.

Samuel was his only son; and, in his younger years, he received a liberal education at a free grammar-school. From the school he was taken to the academy; where his studies were to be directed by an Arian teacher: but he had a mind superior to prejudice; and he rose to honour by his integrity.

When he had finished his studies, which he did with no small degree of applause, he was made choice of to succeed an eminent dissenting minister, in a village near London; and it must be acknowledged, that the people, in making such an election, convinced their neighbours that they knew the difference between
merit,

merit, and pretensions to it. His congregation was large, and many of his hearers lived at a considerable distance; but Mr. Carpet was ever ready to attend upon them in the way of duty. He thought no trouble too hard, if in consequence thereof he could administer consolation to a distressed soul. But he did not confine his benevolence to such things; his purse was at all times open to relieve the needy; and, while he was directing lost sinners in the way to heaven, he took care to provide for them while on earth. "My
 " hand (said he to his God) shall
 " distribute those blessings which
 " thou hast given; but that hand
 " shall only act in conformity with
 " the resolution laid down in my
 " heart. From God I have received
 " all that I enjoy; and to the wants
 " of my fellow-creatures shall my
 " hand be ever open."

While

While he was going on in this humane and benevolent manner, he married a young lady, who, so far as I have been able to learn, is an ornament to her sex; but, altho' a jewel, yet not too valuable for Mr. Samuel Carpet to possess. His whole life and conversation is only one continued comment upon his public discourses; and as nothing but truth drops from his lips, so nothing but acts of humanity fall from his hands. No afflicted person ever went unrelieved from his door: he has, in the whole of his conduct through life, been a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow. With an heart enlarged with human science, he has applied himself to divine knowledge; and he has not suffered that knowledge to remain inactive, but has reduced it to practice.

His

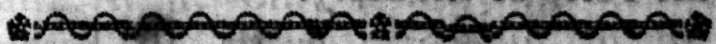
His people esteem him as a minister of the gospel, and the poorer sort look upon him even as a father. His exhortations make a deep impression on the mind, because they flow from the heart; and those who hear them are glad to obey, because their teacher delivers nothing but what he knows to be true, and what he has in the whole course of his life continually practised.

The Almighty God, who is the best of masters, did not suffer Mr. Carpet to continue unrewarded: no, he knew that he loved him; and therefore, consistent with the nature of his promise, he heaped riches upon him.

At present he is one of the most respectable divines near London; and, altho' young in years, yet he is old in spiritual knowledge. May
all

all the mercies that God can bestow be his portion, both in time and in eternity! And that he may be advanced to a seat at the right-hand of God is the sincere prayer of

Your friend, &c.



LETTER XLVII.

My dear friend,

YOU know that we set it down as a maxim, while we were in a state of retirement, that there are quacks in all professions. The apothecary's apprentice, who scarce knows how to make up a prescription, will undertake (so great is his impudence!) to cure a *venereal gonorrhœa*, altho' he never saw a human body dissected, and is intirely ignorant

ignorant of the *Materia Medica*. Nay, he will go so far as to prescribe to a pregnant woman; and, altho' utterly unacquainted with either *Astruc* or *Daventer*, he will proceed to such liberties as cannot be mentioned without offending against the rules of modesty.

In the same manner, a little insignificant attorney's clerk calls himself a lawyer, altho' he has never read Lord *Coke*, and knows no more of the law, than carrying a *special original* through the offices till it comes to judgment, or the levying of a *fine*, and *suing* out a *recovery*. But they are lawyers; and why? I answer, because they have faces covered with brass; they are not ashamed of any thing; and, on every occasion, they are ready to deceive those who are weak enough to put any confidence in them.

And

And (would you believe it, my friend?) there are quacks in divinity; nay, even among the protestant dissenters.

John Ruin was born at a small village, near Dumfries, in Scotland; and, while only a boy, he discovered so much arrogance in his manners, and such an over-bearing disposition, that an old farmer said he would burst; meaning that he was so swelled up with pride, that he would either make himself an object of ridicule, or something worse. John was sent to a grammar-school; and, when he had been there about five years, he became so well acquainted with Cicero, that he resolved to set up for an orator. He had mean contracted notions of virtue; his mind was set on riches; but he knew not what measure to propose,

propose, in order to accomplish the desired end.

At last his father proposed sending him to the university; but, when John went there, he could not be admitted, because he was not properly acquainted with philological learning. His soul, however, was superior to disappointment; and he resolved to profit, by making a virtue of necessity.

England, the field of action for all sorts of adventurers, from an Italian eunuch to a French hair-dresser, and from thence by gradation down to a Scotch itinerant preacher, now presented itself to his mind.

Cobblers, taylors, scale-makers, stay-makers, comb-makers, and even

even Hospital stump-makers, get fortunes in London, in consequence of diplomas; and A. B. M. A. B. D. D. D. LL. B. LL. D. M. B. M. D. can be as easily purchased as an estate in *fee tail*, and a fine may be levied upon them as easily as if they were held in *fee simple*, or even by *grand sergeanty*.

This hopeful resolution being formed, John set out for Carlisle; and, in consequence of treating the coachman, he got upon the box, and was safely conveyed to an inn near Cripplegate, in the city of London. It was remarkable of Mr. John Ruin, that he had a soul superior to every misfortune; and he seemed to rise, even by opposition. His eyes were not shut against his own interest; nor was he insensible of the force of female charms. He had only twelve shillings in his pocket

pocket when he came to London; and, having taken lodgings with an eminent advertising taylor, he procured two suits of cloaths, in consequence of his falling in love with the taylor's daughter. Mr. Stitch, the taylor, was a man of penetration; and, as he had his daughter's interest in view, he thought that nothing could more effectually promote it, than that of getting our hero ordained a Presbyterian minister, and procuring him the diploma of M. A. from a celebrated northern university.

A pack-horse was hired to carry John Ruin and his bride down to Edinburgh, where they were married; six guineas were given for a diploma; and the most immaculate orator was dubbed a minister.

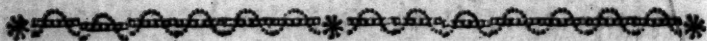
Having

Having taken possession of his bride in form, or, to use the law phrase, having *levied a fine*, he returned to London, and next Sunday preached publicly in a noted dissenting Meeting, of which his father-in-law was a member. The people admired his elocution; and it was proposed, that, in order to get a *penny*, he should advertise that he would deliver Lectures, at Essex-House in the Strand, on the Nature of Oratory.

Many of his hearers looked upon him as a most arrant pedant; but others were of a different opinion. They thought that he would make a considerable figure in the pulpit; and therefore they proposed that he should deliver a lecture every Sunday evening. Self-interest is the most predominant principle that can ever take place in the human mind;
and

and John, who did not care one farthing if all the souls in the world had gone to the Devil, resolved to suit himself to hearers of all denominations. "I will preach to them," (said he); but they shall pay me for it; for, hang me, if I shall not be payed for my trouble. "They are fools, and I will deceive them."

I am, &c.



LETTER XLVIII.

My dear friend,

WHEN resolutions are formed in order to play the hypocrite, they are, for the most part, successful; but, if these resolutions are to do good, then, like the early dew,

dew, they vanish away. The evil succeeds; the good turns out abortive.

John Ruin did not care what became of mens souls, so as his body was supported by their purses; and, before he had lectured three months, the number of his subscribers increased so fast, that he was enabled to furnish a fine house in the Strand, and buy his wife a dozen of silk gowns, besides a Macaroni dress for her head, a flounced petticoat, and a ticket for the Panthéon.

John had all the empty fools in London to hear him; and it might have been justly said of his auditors, that there was a *vacuum* in their faculties. They did not desire knowledge; but they went to hear the mountebank orator, in order that they might harangue on the propriety

priety of his elocution, while they were drinking a bowl of punch at the Three Pigeons; where religion, politics, history, heraldry, and law, are all blended together, and all murdered, in one indiscriminate mass,

Indeed, John's hearers were so ignorant, that, with the utmost propriety, they might have been said to have their consciences seared with a hot iron. They were altogether unacquainted with every leading principle in religion; nor could they distinguish between Heathenism and Christianity.

John, like an able artist, knew how to suit himself to their notions; and therefore he told them, in order to accomodate all parties, and make them happy, that all mankind would be saved, if they only

only observed moral duties. “ Mo-
 “ rality (said he) will bring any man
 “ to heaven; and, if people would
 “ attend to moral duties, nothing
 “ can prevent their coming to hea-
 “ ven; nay, even Christianity itself
 “ would be useless.

One evening an eminent cobbler asked me to go along with him to hear the orator; and, as I never go to such places without taking notes, so I took paper, pen, and ink, along with me. Indeed, I had no great inclination to go, because I had seen so many of their knavish tricks; but, as I had read Demosthenes and Cicero, in dead languages, so I determined, in my own mind, to inquire whether this Scotch mountebank acted consistent with the leading principles of Christianity; or, rather, whether he was not, to all intents and purposes, a Heathen.

His prayer before sermon was suitable enough to the circumstances of those who meet to worship God in a public society. He implored the forgiveness of the Almighty for all his sins, and declared in prayer that we are all poor and wretched in the sight of God. He said that the greatest blessing ever God could bestow upon man, was to send Jesus Christ to make known the glad tidings of salvation; and he prayed that all nations might be led to believe his gospel. This induced me to form a very favourable notion of the preacher; and I began to conclude, that, as his prayer was orthodox, his sermon would be the same, and his life a transcript thereof.

But, alas! how was I deceived, when he opened his bible, and delivered to his hearers a perfect system of Heathenism. He told them, that
they

they might either believe or reject the Divine word, so far as they acted consistent with their duty as men: that is, they were under no obligation to believe that Christ came in the flesh; for, to use his own words, "He that pays his debts, and contributes freely towards supporting the Meeting, is the child of God, and shall receive a passport for heaven."

My mind was filled with indignation when I heard a fellow, in so barefaced a manner, traduce the gospel of Christ, and set at nought divine revelation;—to hear a man, who pretended to be a minister of the gospel, say all that he could to depreciate the merits of the blessed Jesus, and, like the natives of Japan, *set his foot on the cross.*

I returned home, with notes of his sermon; and, after dehorting the cobbler from ever attending any more upon him, I inquired into the character of the preacher, or rather the orator. And, pray, what do you think I learned? Why, neither less nor more, than that he was a debauchee, who attended the play-houses every night; and, altho' he had a wife and four children, yet he was an arbitrary husband, and a cruel father.

Thus you see that these preachers, who pretend to teach Christianity, and at the same time inculcate Heathenism, are like the vagabond parson, who declared, that no sooner had the bishop laid his hands upon his head, than the Devil entered into him, and he became an heir of hell.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

My dear friend,

IF you think I have been too severe upon Mr. Ruin, let me beg that you will not impute it to malevolence; for you know that misanthropy never was a part of my character. Even the jolly Doctor, who is a good judge of the qualities of such *carrots* as grow in Cambridge-shire, and who knows the meaning of *brown bread* and *oats*, when his students will not eat *hot rolls*; I say, that jolly Doctor will freely acknowledge that I never hated my fellow-creatures. I am, however, before I take leave of the orator, obliged to make a few remarks; and the rather, because I am apt to believe, that many people run away with the shadow instead of the substance.

I was once at the monthly meeting of the Independant ministers, and the preacher actually made use of the following expressions: "The floor of hell is paved with the sculls of ministers; and the whole furniture of that mansion is composed of the limbs of such as pretended to be Christians, in consequence of their *high-flown expressions*, or what the profane call *eloquence*."

Fools often stumble upon the truth, and there are many true words spoken in jest; but I shall not inquire whether the minister was right or wrong in his assertions; only, that if the whole pavement of hell is to be made of Dissenting ministers sculls, I am afraid that a very small number will ever trouble Peter to open the gate of heaven, nor hold an argument

ment with him equal to that carried on by the Wife of Bath.

You know, that, when we were studying the sacred scriptures, we proposed a question to our Director, desiring to know, How far the language of the stage could be useful in propagating the gospel of Christ? I was very attentive to what our worthy Professor said; but, lest you should have forgotten it, I will here repeat to you his own words; for you know my memory was always retentive.

“My dear fellow-students,

“Christ came into the world when
 “mankind were lost in the grossest
 “ignorance; when they had de-
 “bauched themselves by the com-
 “mission of unnatural crimes, and
 “lived as if there had not been a
 E 5 “superior

“superior being to require an ac-
 “count of their conduct, or who
 “took no notice of their actions.

“He spake to lost sinners in a
 “language they understood; and,
 “altho’ he did it consistent with that
 “authority he had a right to exer-
 “cise, yet we cannot find that he
 “ever made use of those theatrical
 “airs, by which some mountebank
 “preachers entertain fools, and fill
 “their own pockets. No; he went
 “about doing good; all his discourses
 “tended to promote it; and the most
 “glorious Redeemer of the world
 “died on mount Calvary, leaving
 “us an example that we should fol-
 “low his steps.

“As sinful men, the gospel was
 “first preached to us in simplicity,
 “without any of those nonsensical
 “airs that are only fit to please fools.

“God

“ God sent Christ to take our nature
 “ upon him ; and all his followers
 “ were commanded to speak to their
 “ hearers consistent with their ratio-
 “ nal faculties. There can be no
 “ harm, undoubtedly, in speaking
 “ properly to a Christian congrega-
 “ tion ; but it must be odious in the
 “ sight of God to see a poor weak
 “ mortal get up into a pulpit, and,
 “ in an attitude like that of a merry-
 “ andrew on a quack-doctor’s stage,
 “ tell the people, that they may do
 “ as they please, so as they only
 “ contribute towards supporting him
 “ in the highest state of luxury that
 “ can be imagined.

“ You know, my dear pupils,
 “ that I love eloquence as well as
 “ any one can do ; but let me beg
 “ that you will never make it (as
 “ some say) an *appendage* to the
 “ gospel of Christ. Let Christian

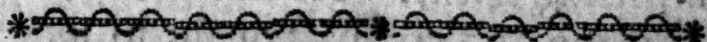
“ congregations be addressed with
 “ all manner of freedom and fin-
 “ cerity; but let them never pay
 “ more regard to the shadow than
 “ the substance.”

I was of the same mind with our worthy Director: and I am sure that Mr. John Ruin has ruined many souls since he came to London. I love my bible; but the more I love it, the less I admire him. I cannot without indignation behold a half-learned fellow mount a rostrum, and, with all the parade of a mountebank, make no difference between a Christian and a Heathen. Indeed, the coxcomb never read; for, had he looked into *Milton's Lycidas*, he would have seen something that perfectly suited himself.

A parcel of poor ignorant wretches
 subscribe to support him, in order to
 have

have the pleasure of seeing his band, and beholding him waving his paw; but, to do justice to the Dissenters in general, I must freely acknowledge that no man of good sense among them ever were found among his auditors.

I am, &c.



LETTER L.

My dear friend,

IN one of my former epistles I told you how the celebrated Mr. Gravel-Pit stole the news-papers from an eminent bookseller in the Poultry, who on many occasions had treated him with the utmost humanity; and who had been obliged to employ a surveyor and a carpenter, in order to prop up the *capital* part of his house,

house, lest his rubbish should have fallen down, and buried the History of the late War in ruins.

It is true, Mr. Flower, the book-feller, is a very clever man, in his way; and, altho' a Dissenter, yet he does not, on every occasion, love *dissenting tricks*. He has been very humane and compassionate to some of them; but all he received in return was a load of rubbish to fill his garrets, and their assistance in making a *conveyance* of his *news-papers, roasted veal, red port, tea, bread and butter*, and an annual *subscription* of a guinea. But I hate digressions; and, therefore, let me return to the very *worthy*, and still more REVEREND, Mr. *Gravel-Pit*, who, at least twice every week, exhibits in the borough of Southwark.

x Joseph Pitts

Soon

Soon after Mr. Gravel-Pit had stolen the news-papers from the honest bookseller who had treated him with so much kindness, the affair began to be rumoured abroad; and a barber in Wapping, who loved the exterior part of religion more than the interior, sent for our worthy *news-paper thief*, to eat, along with himself, a share of a couple of ducks and a peck of green pease.

The great apostle Paul says, that when he was commanded to preach the gospel he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; and I can assure you, my friend, that our thief who stole the news-papers was not disobedient to the earthly one. No; he knew better things.

As soon as he received the invitation, he dressed himself in the best manner he could, and set out for the

the

the scene of action, not doubting but he would be able to make a convert to the church before he came home; and likewise to convert, at least, one of the ducks from the table into his own craving maw, the receptacle of all fish that came in the net, whether they were from the sea or river.

But great minds are not bound down to trifling things; he had higher objects in view; and such as would have done honour to any of the heroes of antiquity. He imagined that the barber, in consequence of having palmed a bad wig upon one of his customers, might labour under some remorse of conscience; and therefore, altho' he himself had stolen news-papers, yet he resolved to administer spiritual consolation to the man who had often cloathed *blockheads* with coverings.

When

When he came to the barber's, with his wife and two daughters, John Brass-Kettle happened to be there; and he, in his *wonted humanity*, (*see the story of Overway*) thinking that Gravel-Pit might be poor, because his wig had not been combed for seven years, proposed that the barber should make him a present of one.

This was agreed to by the barber, who was a slave to religion; but the worthy minister, who had converted souls to Christ, and news-papers to his own use, rejected it with the utmost disdain, telling the barber that he was a man of fortune.

A tumult immediately ensued; and the man, who had stolen news-papers from a generous bookseller, rather than be called poor, refused to accept of a wig.

Such,

Such, my dear friend, are the inconsistencies in human nature; and we often laugh at follies one day which we practise the next. The bookseller sent for the preacher next day; and, in order to comfort him, had a pig roasted for dinner; and he laid his lips about it with the utmost avidity.

I cannot conclude this letter without taking notice that the bookseller was one of the best of men; and, altho' he had been grossly injured by many pretenders to religion, yet in all his actions he shewed himself to be an honest man.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LI.

My dear friend,

CIVIL history stores the mind with many important facts, and often serves to illustrate the beauty and wisdom of Divine Providence. A perfect acquaintance with the laws of our country enables us to compare temporary and municipal institutions with rational and moral obligations; but nothing can so much enlarge the human soul, or convey proper adequate ideas of the corruption of our nature, as an attentive consideration of false religion.

We may impose upon an earthly sovereign; and, like the Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of that great legislator Richard III. pretend
that

that we are loyal subjects, while we are plotting his ruin: but we cannot do so with the eternal majesty of heaven and earth. It is true we may play the hypocrite in the sight of men; but God is witness of all our actions; nor can even the thick darkness conceal us from his view. He is every where present; but, as I know you have read the CXXXIX. Psalm, I shall not say any more to you on that subject; unless it be to observe, that a hypocrite is, of all others, the greatest fool. A knave in trade may be creditably established by a commission of bankruptcy, already graced with the names of some eminent bankers; but he, who seeks to impose on God, treasures up to himself wrath against the day of judgment; and, at last, will become an object of the Divine displeasure.

I was

I was led into these reflections, from considering the character and conduct of an eminent Anabaptist minister, known by the name of 'THE DANCING BEAR,'* and uncle to the strolling player already mentioned in one of my former letters. *Andrew Gifford*

The Dancing Bear was born at a small village in the country; and, in his youth, received a liberal education under a learned grammarian, who filled a Professor's chair in Gresham college, and who was himself, in sentiment, a Dissenter. To do justice to the Dancing Bear, it must be acknowledged, that he had good natural parts, and a strong propensity to learning. The beauties of the Greek and Roman Classics became as familiar to him as the Pilgrim's Progress, or Benjamin Kecal's Discourses on the Metaphors.

* Dr Andrew Gifford. But

But his studies were not confined to classical learning; for he could dissect all the arteries of a snake, and explain DE—MAT. V.—OP. LEG.—XII. SA.—when found on a stone near the confines of Cumberland. He could tell the difference between a Mocoa stone, and a Scotch pebble; and he could prove, in the clearest manner, that we are all passive in the act of generation. Nay, he once went so far as to shew that the French or Venereal disease has not been properly named, because it was first brought into Europe by the Spaniards, when they murdered the innocent inhabitants of South America.

Such were the qualifications of the Dancing Bear; and his relations, who were *very religious people*, (*vice versa*) proposed that he should enter upon the work of the ministry. It

was

was with the utmost reluctance that the Bear embraced a proposal so contrary to his own inclinations, nor could he be persuaded till he was made to believe that it would turn out greatly to his advantage.

“ Advantage! (said he) what advantage can I ever acquire by being a poor Dissenting minister? Why, cobblers, taylors, clog-makers, and occasionally chimney-sweepers, can lend a helping hand that way, because their ignorance will suit that of their hearers. But I have studied antiquities, criticism, and natural history, and therefore I have some reason to expect a more honourable station in life. However, do you think I could get money?”

“ There is not the least doubt of it, (said his kinsman); for no people

“ple whatever are more easily
 “tricked than nominal religious
 “ones. They love flattery; and,
 “while they have any money, they
 “seldom grudge to pay those in the
 “most generous manner, who will
 “represent them as objects of the
 “Divine favour. You may easily
 “accomodate yourself to their no-
 “tions; for you have undoubtedly
 “as good a right to twist the Scrip-
 “ture, to any purpose whatever;
 “as Nicholas de Lyra, Philip of
 “Lombardy, Thomas Aquinas, or
 “all the other schoolmen whose
 “sublime compositions have graced
 “the stalls of Duck-Lane.”

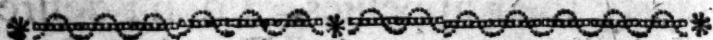
The Dancing Bear, ever mindful,
 ever attentive to any thing that had
 the least prospect of promoting his
 own interest, told his kinsman, that
 he was ready to be dipped, upon
 condition that he could procure a
 Meeting

Meeting where there were some rich members; for, however superstitious the poor people may be, yet they don't chuse to part with money when they want a quartern loaf, a breast of mutton, and a pot of beer. They love preaching; but the calls of nature are not easily put off. Indeed, our great Redeemer was sensible of this; for, when his hearers were hungry, he wrought a miracle to satisfy their appetites. I don't desire to intimate that the Dancing Bear could work a miracle; but this is certain, that, had it been possible for either angels or men to persuade him to give six-pence to a poor starving hearer, it would have been a miraculous action.

Soon after this conversation took place, a Dissenting Meeting became vacant; and the Dancing Bear, being conducted to a pond in Marybone-
 VOL. III. F Fields,

Fields, was there ducked over head and ears, and washed from all his impurities. He was then taken to the Board in Gracechurch-Street, where Dr. Gull examined him; and then, receiving a certificate of his abilities, he began to exhibit in public as a minister of the gospel.

I am, &c.



LETTER LII.

My dear friend,

THE congregation, for which the Dancing Bear was a candidate, was situated near where the sons of Loyola have often exercised their faculties, both in a natural and spiritual way. Indeed, it may be justly said of that quarter of the town,

town, that almost as many converts have been made to Popery in it, as Deists, in consequence of the scandalous lives of Dissenting ministers, and the vile hypocritical conduct of Methodist teachers.

The Dancing Bear was, in consequence of his literary abilities, thought most proper, by his dissenting brethren, to be placed in a corner where so many of the sons of the prolific whore of Babylon resided: but, as ill-luck would have it, within a few months after his settlement, he resolved to have some connection with the He Whores.

Help, brother Fox and Naylor,

Brother Bear is a stallion;

Alas! what hope of converting the Pope,

When a Baptist turns Italian.

Certain it is, that he made a *posterior* attempt upon a young man, one of

his hearers; and possibly he might be induced to do it from a critical examination of the *Alexis* of *Virgil*, or the *fine* composition of *Petronius Arbitr*. I am not sure which, but the *posterior* affair gave great offence to his people; and the Bear was sent out to range at large; and, if he could not procure a subsistence, to sleep, with his paw in his mouth, like some of his namesakes in Greenland.

The Bear, however, was not disconcerted; his mind was superior to opposition; he even seemed to glory in his disappointment; and that fortitude made him a great man.

Some of the Bear's hearers were so fond of him, that they still adhered to him; and for what reason you may easily imagine, as birds of a feather will flock together. This remnant

remnant proposed to build a Meeting for the Dancing Bear; and it must be acknowledged, that they did it with as much skill as the architects of the Adelphi. Besides pews and galleries for the accomodation of the customers, they erected an elegant pulpit for the Bear to dance in, and a pond lined with marble, where he was to immerse his converts, in order to cleanse them from all impurities, whether *a priori* or *a posteriori*.

This was a fine field for the Bear to display his abilities in; and, notwithstanding his connection with things *a posteriori*, it was not long before he married a rich wife. Nor was he less successful in the art of dipping; for so many converts were made by his ministry, that he often sweated before the whole of the ceremony was finished. But, for all that, the Bear was a dry, dull,
 F 3 dark,

dark, heavy, and perplexed preacher; he had a strange confusion of ideas in his mind, and could not bring any thing into proper order. When he divided or subdivided a text, it was done merely for form's sake; for he never could speak clearly on any subject whatever. Four or five points were often proposed by him as the subject matter of his discourse, but not above a third part of one of them was spoken to.

Indeed, irregularity sometimes answers the end better than order or method. People, whose minds are not enlarged by reading, study, and experience, are easily captivated with an empty sound. They will grasp at the shadow, without minding the substance. Ignorance, says the Papist, is the mother of devotion; and I am sure many Dissenting ministers have found it the fruitful mother

mother of a hundred good dinners: for, how can it be supposed that the people who compose their congregation (I mean the majority of them) would ever support them in affluence and luxury, unless they were at the same time ignorant of the Scriptures? Would they give a guinea to a man who will not give six-pence to his fellow-creature? Would they enable a preacher to loll in his post-chaise, who will not give half-a-crown to a poor wretch to purchase a pair of shoes in Rag-Fair? Would they give the minister's wife money to buy a brocade silk gown, when they know that she will not give an old left-off petticoat to one of the poor hearers, but rather sell it to a son of Jacob? I say, would they do all these things, and a thousand more, unless they were ignorant of Scripture, and unacquainted with the principles of Religion?

F 4

No,

No, my friend; knowledge makes us either good or bad.

But I have one question more to ask, and that is, Can he deserve the name of a Christian, who denies a piece of victuals to a suffering, starving fellow-creature, and at the same time asks a luxurious preacher to dine with him?

However, all digressions aside, the Dancing Bear went on swimmingly, until he had acquired a large fortune; and then his wife died, leaving him (to use an Old Testament phrase) childless: but, to compensate his loss, he was made one of the deputy keepers of a public library. He is now far advanced in years, but more intent on getting riches than ever: it is the desire of his soul; and he preaches for money.

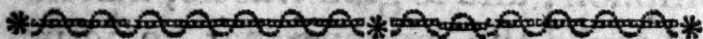
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It is but a few years ago that a barber courted his niece; and the Dancing Bear, who is heaping up a fortune for his relations, intended to give the young couple five hundred pounds; but the girl died in a consumption; and so glad was he, that he had saved the money, that he actually made a present of some paintings to the library of which he is a deputy keeper. I have already told you that he is intimate with the *worthy* and *very learned* John Brass-Kettle; and there is no wonder; for their souls are congenial; or, rather, they have but one.

The Dancing Bear spends his evenings in places *incognito*; for I once asked his servant what time he went to bed in the evening, and received for answer, that he never went to bed till morning. His *trade* goes on as usual; and, notwithstanding

ding his inhuman and avaritious nature, yet he gets riches; nor is it likely that ever the judgments of God will overtake him, till he dies.

I am, &c.



LETTER LIII.

My dear friend,

I Should be extremely sorry to have it imputed to me, that my time had been spent in vain; especially when I came here with no other view, than to acquire knowledge, and communicate it to you.

The learned Dr. Robertson, in his History of Charles V. observes, that all sudden revolutions in religion make many converts; but in general these

these converts are not well grounded in principles. To this may be ascribed all the blasphemous heresies that arose in the first five centuries; and to this may be attributed the variety of wild notions that possessed the minds of the people in Germany, when the light of the gospel broke forth upon them, in consequence of Luther's preaching.

The abominations of the Adamites, and the cruelties of the levelling Anabaptists, were a disgrace to human nature; but they remain a convincing proof of the weakness of the human mind, that can be led to believe something to be true that it does not understand, nor cannot comprehend.

I am now under the necessity of presenting you with a new character; but, before I proceed any further,

ther, give me leave, in conformity with some of the Dissenting ministers, to premise a few things.

Oxford, you know, has been ever since the civil wars in the last century considered as the nursery of Jacobitism; and those who served the house of Steuart have always sent their sons there to be educated. This may seem a little strange to you, after you have considered what that munificent patroness of learning, the late Queen Caroline, gave towards rebuilding Queen's College: but, for all that, it is true. Indeed, Queens may endow colleges; but they cannot put good sense into the hearts of the teachers, nor inspire their pupils with principles. Let a gardener be ever so ingenious in his profession, and let him do all he can to cultivate the ground, yet weeds will spring up, and sometimes

times get to such a height, that they cannot be entirely destroyed, unless he endangers plants of the utmost importance, whether they are designed to please the eye, or to bear fruits proper to satisfy the appetite.

Oxford, about forty years ago, produced a spawn that has proved very fertile in leading weak minds astray; I mean Methodism: but, as I have already touched upon that point, in one of my former letters, I shall not insist on it here, at least no further than relates to consequences.

When the spawn of Methodism burst out at Oxford, its preachers were looked upon as saints, and all their hearers as people divinely inspired. Their discourses were addressed to the passions; and, in consequence thereof, many ploughs were suffered
to

to go without directors; waggons stood still on the public roads; cattle were not brought to Smithfield; and many drunken fots called twice for a pint of beer, because the waiter, in conformity with the publicans of old, had become *religious*; or, in other words, had made a peregrination to the Tabernacle, to receive such consolation as none of the customers could give. Taylors, shoemakers, cobblers, chimney-sweepers, became preachers; because the arch-preacher had one evening made choice of Moses's words for his text: "I wish to God you were all prophets."

To be sure there is something that always attracts the human mind, when a man looks back to family-connection, or relationship. Thus the strolling player observed that his father made a great noise, because
he

he beat a drum; and his mother, no less vociferous, cried oysters. Every thing, you know, has been played upon in an allegorical manner; and even the meanest wretches, in temper and disposition, as well as in station, have been made choice of by the above worthies; drummers not excepted; whose inconsistent jargon, in the pulpit of the Tabernacle, has often afforded as much consolation to desponding sinners, as a drum and a pair of fifes ever did to a poor girl in the park, when she was bemoaning the loss of her keeper.

But, in my next, I shall come to facts, and give you the history of a very necessary assistant to a preacher—I mean—a rope-maker.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

My dear friend,

I Hope you will forgive me for the digression I made in my last; for as I was always addicted to thinking, so I cannot help committing my thoughts to writing, especially when I think they can be of any service to you.

★ John Cord was born at a small village near Exmouth, in the county of Devon, and brought up to the plough, like the Prophet Elisha of old. When he was about eighteen years of age, he discovered so much knowledge in knitting strings together, to make bridles for the horses, that his genius was admired by every one; and, that he might make every necessary improvement, he

✕ John Stevens.

he was bound apprentice to an eminent rope-maker in Plymouth, who exerted his talents occasionally in working for the navy and the sheriff.

It was not long before John made a very considerable figure in the art and mystery of rope-making; and it must be acknowledged, that no part of his workmanship ever gave the slip at HEAVYTREE, near Exeter. No: John knew better. Solid was the nature of his compositions, or, if you please, twistings; and no sooner did Jack Ketch make his appearance with one of them in his hand, than the condemned criminal gave himself up as dead.

Hitherto I have considered John only as a secular person, but now I shall introduce him upon the theatre of the religious world, the *ultimatum* of

of perfection; because it discovers the leading principles of the mind, and makes us either better or worse. I mean in the use or abuse of it: for no man can make a public profession of religion, without either promoting his everlasting happiness, or sealing his eternal condemnation.

While John was making ropes for the service of the British fleet, in order to enable them to murder the French; and smaller ones for the service of Heavytree, near Exeter; a remarkable revolution took place in his mind, and a striking alteration in his conduct. A celebrated Methodist preacher happened, in the course of his peregrination, to come to Plymouth, under pretence of converting sinners; but, in reality, to lay some of the wealthier sort of people under contributions. You know, that where

a general is sent out to harrafs the territories of the enemy, he is commanded to threaten them with fire and sword, unless they will bring in their money and provisions. In the same manner the Methodist preacher threatens the people with everlasting damnation, unless they believe his doctrine; and the fruits of that belief are only to be known by their supporting him in all sorts of luxury.

The preacher, who was to catch John in the net, and make a rope-maker a minister, was endowed with a species of eloquence very proper for effecting so valuable a purpose. He dealt damnation round about him by wholesale; and John, who went one night to hear him in a field, found himself *taken in*. His text was, Galatians iii, 10. "Cursted is every one that hangeth on a tree." *John,*

John was terribly frightened; and, in the agony of his soul, cried out, "If they are cursed who hang upon a tree, then how doubly cursed must they be who make ropes to hang them? From this moment I am determined to burn my beetle, and set fire to my tow, altho' it should blow up the dock-yard."

There is nothing so good as to form virtuous resolutions, unless it be the reducing them to practice. John had a little money; and his being reputed twice as rich as he was, procured him an easy admission to the *presence chamber* of the preacher. The preacher, who was an original in his way, soon discovered that John had a large share of impudence, and such a volubility of speech as seldom falls to the share of a rope-maker, unless when they happen to act passively rather than actively;

actively; or, in other words, to be condemned to be hanged, instead of making ropes to hang their *bettors*.

He told John, that if he would sell all his goods, and follow him to London, he should be made one of the Tabernacle preachers, and, besides perquisites, have the run of the kitchen. John, who had faith in the *word of the preacher*, did not hesitate one moment; for, selling off all his goods, he got into the basket of the coach, and a few days journey landed him and his principal near the Upper Quarters of Moorfields.

The rest of the journeymen preachers being sent for, John was presented to them as a chosen vessel, who had been rescued from rope-making, in order to bring converts to the Tabernacle. His principal expatiated

patiated upon his vast abilities; and it was proposed that he should expound a chapter; which he did, to the satisfaction of all present, at least in words; for altho' many were jealous of him, yet none dared to complain.

Soon after this the preacher set out for Scotland, and John went with him, partly in the character of an assistant, but more so in the station of a footman. There John had an opportunity of displaying his abilities; and, upon his return with his master to London, he was looked upon as one of the first-rate Tabernacle orators, and had many presents made him by those females who pay less regard to the interest of their own families than that of pretended saints.

LETTER

LETTER LV.

My dear friend,

A Celebrated English clergyman, whose writings have made no small figure in the political world, and who by the interest of Jemmy Twitcher has been translated to a *rich* living in the *barren* mountains of Northumberland, says, that "Nothing lasts for ever." Nay, he even went so far as to tell a Printer, that "Both he and his devils would go to the Devil at last."

I shall not, at present, dispute the truth of what the parson says, unless, in consequence thereof, I was to have eight hundred pounds *per annum*, at *Simondsburn*: but I can freely assert, that John Cord had not been above two years in the
 Tabernacle

Tabernacle as an auxiliary preacher, when, to use the words of a celebrated wit, he began

“ To stir his stumps, and look about him.”

But, pray, what do you think he looked for? why, money—that all-powerful motive, which alienates relations, and makes enemies of friends;—which purchases every thing but truth and honesty, and even makes a man regardless of every moral obligation;—which procures, on many occasions, the destruction of whole nations, and as often makes men sell their own souls for the enjoyment of an animal gratification;—which can make a Tabernacle preacher an Anabaptist; and an Anabaptist a Deist, notwithstanding his having been dipped.

John

John Cord had seen some of his brethren make elopements; and he resolved to follow their example. He had no objection to immersion; and, as he was kept in a state of servitude in the Tabernacle, he resolved to assert his privilege as a free-born Englishman, and set up for himself.

Fortune favours the brave, (says the proverb); and fortune favoured John Cord. Just at the time he had formed the above resolution, a parcel of shoe-makers, taylors, smiths, (*cum multis aliis*) built a new Meeting-house, near the confines of those territories, where the sons of Jacob exercise their *manual* faculties, and their daughters ply off their fable charms.

There John continued to exhibit about four years: but, at last, for-

getting the nineteenth chapter of Genesis, he resolved to turn a **HE WHORE**. It is true there are many such in London; and some of them have been brought to justice; tho' not in so exemplary a manner as they ought to have been. Indeed, the best way of punishing *he whores* would be to deliver them up to the discipline of the females who follow that profession in a natural way. Every **HE WHORE** cheats the **SHE** one out of some money, because he leads off a gallant; and, in consequence thereof, may be the occasion of depriving some of these poor unhappy wretches, not only of a night's lodging, but also of a meal of victuals.

Among John's hearers was a young man, extremely handsome, whose exterior appearance was equal to the description that Virgil, that **HE WHORE**

WHORE among the Romans, has left us of his Boy. John could not read Latin; but, for all that, he could cherish unnatural desires. He took notice of the young man, and he wanted to be as intimately acquainted with him as Green the Quaker was with a sister of a different species: but, as ill-luck would have it, the boy had no such inclinations; and, after giving John two or three kicks on the shins, he went and informed the whole congregation. John's wife was desperately enraged; and, coming into the Meeting, said, that she had what was at any time sufficient to satisfy him: but the clamour ran high; and, like a Court Lord with his kept mistress, John was discarded.

Necessity is the mother of invention: and Mr. Cord had too much fortitude to sink under any trifling affliction.

affliction. The minority adhered to him; and, in a few months, he found himself at the head of a respectable congregation; who, looking upon him as a saint, did not imagine he was able to commit such horrid enormities as are an abomination to human nature, and condemned by that God who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

John, finding that most of his hearers were Anabaptists, resolved, in compliance with the Jolly Doctor's advice, to humour them in their own way: and therefore, having been ducked over head and ears by the Dancing Bear, he employed a stone-mason to make an opening in the floor of his Meeting; and customers came in as fast as could be expected.

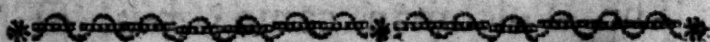
He

He could not endure to see one of his hearers undipped; and, one day meeting with a poor ignorant Welch journeyman shoemaker, he invited him to come to the place of *cleansing*.

The Welchman came; but, oh grief of griefs! he had no money. However, he was dipped; and the next time Mr. Cord saw him, he told him, that, unless he paid him half a guinea for his trouble, he would excommunicate him; and then summons him to the Court of Conscience. The consequence was, the shoe-maker became a Deist, and never afterwards went to any place of worship, unless it was to make game of those who attended. Shocking practices! my dear friend; but what is the most shocking of all, they are true. Could these men speak with the tongues of angels,

and at the same time act like devils, surely no man could believe them. No: goodness is not in them; and their skulls will pave hell.

I am, &c.



LETTER LVI.

My dear friend,

AS I am under an indispensable obligation of giving you all the information in my power, concerning the religious state of this city, so I shall not stop till I have stripped hypocrites of their assumed character, and pointed out those among the Dissenting ministers who have not so much as a title to the appellation of Christians.

Satire

Satire was never a favourite subject with me; but, notwithstanding its severity, yet I think it sometimes necessary. Those who cannot be persuaded to embrace reason, by any rational arguments, ought to be cudgelled out of their nonsense in the same manner as Mr. Pope did the *wou'd-be critics*, when he wrote the *Dunciad*. I have great reason to believe, that many of the laity among the Dissenters will become wiser in consequence of perusing my *Lucubrations*; and, unless the consciences of their ministers are seared with a hot iron, they will become better. How happy then shall I consider myself, when I reflect, that a few letters, written to my beloved friend, have wrought a reformation; and brought men back to a sense of that original righteousness that ought to mark their character.

But, not to detain you any longer with what is purely introductory, give me leave to present you with the outlines of a character, which, altho' not free from blame, yet is an ornament to the Protestant Dissenters; and I should have inserted it immediately after that of Mr. Carpet, had it not been necessary to reserve it as a foil in satire, to make the Sope-maker, the more conspicuous.

- × Dr. Andrew Amiable was the son of a brazier, in Lincolnshire; and, as his parents were both Presbyterians, he was sent to be instructed at an eminent academy near London; where he soon gave the most distinguishing proofs of his superior abilities. Philology, philosophy, &c. became familiar to him; and he was looked upon, by those who had the direction of his studies, as one of the

× Dr. Kipnis.

the most accomplished men that had ever been proposed to be a minister. His universal acquaintance with polite as well as useful learning induced the directors of the academy to make him one of the tutors; and, in that station, he behaved in so amiable a manner, that he engaged the notice of all the pupils.

Still turn'd to moral virtue was his speech;
And gladly would he learn, and humbly teach.

Indeed, his example was a corroborating proof that he felt what he taught; and his pupils acquired knowledge as the effect of love, rather than the severity of instruction.

While he was going on in this manner, a Meeting in Westminster became vacant by the death of an old *drone*;* and Andrew was made
G 5 choice

* Dr Obadiah Hughes.

x choice of as the pastor to succeed him. Indeed, the Rev. Dr. Hymn-Maker would have opposed him, like some of the church clergy who had turned Trimmers at the Revolution; but the jolly Doctor dissuaded him from it, by observing, that the HALL would bring in more money than the DITCH. To complete Dr. Amiable's preferment, he was made a Tuesday Lecturer; and an eminent tradesman gave him his daughter in marriage. In his new station his abilities began to make a most distinguishing figure; and, to grace the whole, ten guineas were sent to the North for a tin box and a skin of parchment.

Indeed, his conduct as a minister gave a lustre to a diploma, altho' he could not receive any from it; but D. D. has something about it of a fascinating nature. No sooner had

Andrew

x D^r Gibbons.

Andrew perused the contents of the box, than he resolved to shew his abilities, in overturning the Toleration Act; and it must be acknowledged, that the figure he made in that controversy was better than any thing written by his brethren; tho' sophistry was the leading principle; so that the superstructure soon fell to the ground.

A learned dignitary of the Church x
of England entered the lists with
our new-dubbed Doctor, in defence
of the Articles of Religion; and, to
the satisfaction of every unprejudiced
person, overthrew the whole of his
arguments, without either partiality
or scurrility. He made it appear,
that no society can exist without
rules for its good government; and,
if these rules relate to the regulation
of religion, those who dissent from
G 6 the

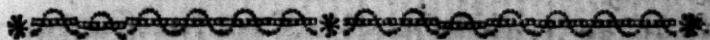
x Dean Tucker.

the established church must content themselves with the benefit of a Toleration. Certainly no sort of argument could contain a more convincing proof to satisfy the most discontented mind; but, for all that, the heretical Dissenters were not satisfied; and they blamed the Doctor for not making a reply, when it was not in his power to do it.

In many other things Dr. Amiable has acted in such a manner as will for ever throw a lustre upon his character; and many acts of benevolence have been performed by him, which he has industriously endeavoured to conceal. Not that he is, upon the whole, free from an attachment to the world; as I shall make appear in my next letter, concerning his connection with one of the most extraordinary persons that

that this age has produced, and who is as learned as himself.

I am, &c.



LETTER LVII.

My dear friend,

TO convince you that there is an inconsistency in the best of characters, and make you thoroughly acquainted with the springs of action in the human heart, shall be the subject of this letter; and I am sure you will acknowledge me impartial.

Philo was born in an obscure village in Scotland; and, altho' descended from a worthy and honourable family, yet he was not destined to be exempted from misfortunes.

While

While very young, he was sent to a grammar-school; and such care was taken of his education, that the Bible, the Greek and Latin historians, with the accounts of this nation as transmitted to us by former writers, were as well known by him as some boys know their A, B, C. Blessed with a retentive memory, he seldom forgot any thing he ever read; and, before he had compleated his sixteenth year, he became the admiration of all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood where he lived. His easy, elegant manner of delivering his sentiments, made him an object of esteem in the opinion of some, and of envy in that of others. When he met a beggar on the road, he could not help emptying his pockets to relieve him; and, if he happened not to have any money, he was sure to take the poor creature home to his father's.

With

With such accomplishments as seldom fall to the share of one single individual, Philo was sent to the University; but, indeed, there was little for him to learn there; for he was already a complete master of universal knowledge. He had a mind enlarged for friendship; and, in consequence of a passion for one unworthy of it, he left his native country, and visited the different courts of Europe, in the retinue of a noble Earl lately deceased.

You need not be surprized when I tell you that Philo made himself acquainted with the manners, laws, religion, and history, of the countries through which he passed. While the rest of the attendants were spending their time in idleness, Philo was making himself acquainted with such principles as must at all times enlarge the human mind.

In

In the morning he went to take a view of the churches and other public buildings; at noon he attended the courts of judicature; and, that no time might be lost, he spent his evenings with the most learned men in the place. He made it a constant rule to attend to what he saw; and, when he went home, he wrote it down. Indeed, his life was a continual study; but, for all that, he was so easy, so affable, and so engaging in conversation, that the ladies considered him as polite, rather than learned.

But, with all these accomplishments, and a thousand more that would do honour to human nature, in any station whatever, yet poor Philo was left to starve; or, rather, he was obliged to work for a bit of bread.

The

The nobleman with whom Philo went abroad was a poor, mean-spirited wretch; and, at the same time, he was addicted to all sorts of debauchery. Philo had a heart susceptible of every tender impression; but he always tempered affection with prudence. He thought himself under an indispensable obligation to put his lordship in mind of his duty, as a Christian; and, in consequence thereof, he was turned off, without receiving his wages.

Philo had too generous a soul to save money; and he knew that he could not, consistent with the laws of the German empire, commence a suit against a stranger, in a civil action. His mind, however, was superior to misfortunes; and, altho' he had not a guinea in his pocket, yet he undertook to travel from Vienna to Brussels. The difficulties
he

he underwent in that journey are more than I can express without tears; but God, the eternal God, was his supporter: and, after many fatigues, he arrived at Dover; where he was impressed on board one of the ships of war. From that state of servitude the late admiral Smith set him free; and he travelled down to Scotland with little more upon his body than was sufficient to hide his nakedness.

When he arrived in Scotland, he applied for relief to his relations; but his parents were dead, and his brothers and sisters were too much attached to vanity to pay the least regard to his distress. What could he do? Was he to rob or steal? No. The principles of religion had made a deep impression upon his mind; and he resolved, rather to submit to the meanest drudgery, than injure his

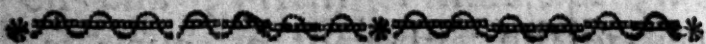
his soul, or sin against his conscience.

His disappointment in a love affair served to make him dislike the place of his nativity, and he came to England; where, for some years, he worked at a mean, laborious employment. His imprudence, however, led him to marry; and he became the father of a young family, before he had considered in what manner he was to procure them a provision.

Poverty, with all its direful consequences, soon overtook him; or, rather, it may be said he met it half-way. His wife was not one of those who could sympathize with one in distress; and poor Philo contracted debts, in order to satisfy the cravings of nature. This induced him to apply to those whom
he

he thought possessed of affluence, and who had hearts enlarged with benevolent sentiments: but what his connections were with Dr. Amiable, as well as some other persons, shall be the subject of my next; and then I shall proceed to finish this part of his history.

I am, &c.



LETTER LVIII.

My dear friend,

WHEN his wife and children were in a starving condition. he recollected that there were at least some good people in the world; and altho', like the twenty thousand pound prize in a lottery, it was a chance to meet with them, yet he resolved to purchase a ticket: that is, he

he resolved to write about twenty braces of letters to Dissenting ministers; not doubting but they would act the part of the good Samaritan, by doing that which both the priest and the Levite had refused to comply with.

Philo did not then know much of human nature: his own heart was compassionate; and he thought all those who had the least connection with religion were the same. He did not imagine it possible for any man to mount the pulpit, and with the most barefaced impudence assert that he kept up an intercourse with the Deity, while at the same time he refused a morsel of victuals to his starving fellow-creature.

Accordingly, Philo, who thought all men like himself, made his case known to some of the Dissenting ministers;

ministers; and he began with the Hymn-maker.

The Hymn-maker, having braced his nose with a pair of spectacles that were made in the same year when he was sent to a grammar-school at Swaffham, and which had been exercised in looking at the remains of the barn where a dreadful calamity happened, began to reflect in his own mind, whether he should send poor Philo half-a-crown, or a pair of old breeches. After a long struggle in the court of conscience, it was agreed upon, that the breeches should be sent to the Scotchman; but, as ill-luck would have it, the bearer had got no farther than Doghouse Bar, when he was met by a woman of the town, who stole them from him; and poor Philo was obliged to appear in the same manner as the Heathen philosophers did of old.

The

The Hymn-maker laughed; but the Scotchman cried.

Poor Philo went without victuals; and altho' he had been foolish enough to imagine that the Dissenting ministers were divinely inspired, yet he found that in general it consisted only in words; that they were bold in pretensions, but unwilling to reduce their own exhortations to practice. They considered their hearers in the same manner as Cleveland did the magistrate of Colchester:

———Our worthy Mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

In short, Philo wrote to Dr. Amiable; and that worthy man called upon him, and relieved him from many of the difficulties he then laboured under. Nay, he did it in such a manner

manner as to make the gift engaging; and Philo looked upon Dr. Amiable as the most compassionate man he had ever met with. The abilities of Philo were such, that he could not remain long in a state of obscurity; and, therefore, he was taken into the service of a noble Lord, in a literary capacity.

He was soon after taken notice of by a minister of state who has lately paid the debt of nature, and Philo was entered a student in one of the Inns of Court. He has not yet gone through all his probationary trials; but, according to the opinion of the most eminent lawyers in the same society, he is likely to make a most distinguishing figure at the bar.

The difficulties he had to labour under, in order to support his young children,

children, made him at many times willing to deny himself the necessaries of life: and one day, when he had his Term fees to pay, he sent a most pressing letter to Dr. Amiable, to grant him a small matter for that purpose: but, alas! in vain. The Hymn-Maker had done every thing he could in order to publish the account of the old breeches; and the jolly Doctor said Philo was an impostor. However, the Scotch Doctor rested himself upon that eternal basis of truth which had distinguished all his actions; but Dr. Amiable left him to starve; nor would he so much as send an answer to his letter. "When God judges the world in righteousness, the secrets of all hearts will be laid open."

I am, &c.

LETTER LIX.

My dear friend,

THE Scotch Doctor, notwithstanding the progress he has made in the study of the Law, yet never turned his back upon religious duties. He knew that the scandalous lives of its professors was no argument against the authenticity of its principles. He remonstrated to some of its chief professors, on the impropriety of their conduct; but all was in vain; for Dr. Hymn-Maker, of Hoxton, and the jolly Doctor, were both of opinion that Divine inspiration had filled their minds; and, therefore, they had nothing to do with carnal men; especially such as spent their time in reading dry, tedious law-books; such as *Lord Coke's fifth Institute, Lord Hales' History*

History of the Pleas of the Crown, Lord Strange's Reports, and Blackstone's Commentaries. Indeed, I have something very diverting to tell you concerning the last-mentioned author, before I conclude my letters: but, in the mean time, I must take my leave of Dr. Philo, and go on with a new character, such as has not yet been laid before you.

Near the Gate, where, from its name, we may conclude that some poor wretches used formerly to solicit an alms, stood one of those mansions constructed before the fire of London, and which had the good fortune to escape that conflagration. There, in the year 1714, John Black ^x was born; and, as he was endowed with *solid dulness*, his parents bound him apprentice to a clog-maker.

H 2

The

John ^x John Griffith.

The mother of John was a member of a Dissenting Meeting, but his father was a prophane Churchman. Indeed, John did not mind religion so much, when he was young, as he did an assignation in Hornsey-Wood, or a club-feast at Hockly in the Hole. Dull, heavy, dead, and doggish, he considered the thumping of his clogs as the highest state of preferment he could ever arrive at; and, that he might multiply and replenish the earth with more clog-makers, he married a girl who drew beer at a public-house; and she soon made John the joyful, or perhaps the *sorrowful*, father of several children, as *handsome* as himself.

For some time the clog-maker did well enough; that is, he minded his business; and, in consequence thereof, provided for his family:
but,

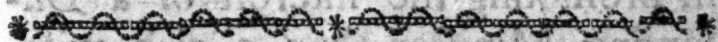
but, as ill-luck would have it, he went one evening to the Tabernacle; where he was converted. Convinced, in his own mind, that he was one of the chosen people of God, he went home, and made a bonfire of his lasts; carried his awls to Moorfields, where he stuck them up in the wall, that some *sweet hymn* might be hung upon them; and, from that time, left his wife and children to starve. But this was not all; John thought that an ignorant clog-maker had as good a right to turn preacher, as a knavish pawnbroker, or a vain taylor; and, therefore, he made known his intention to the superintendant-general of the Tabernacle. Fortunately for him, there happened, at that time, to be a scarcity of hands; and, as John's face was as impudent as the soles of his clogs were hard, he was taken into pay, and received proper in-

structions in what manner to proceed.

But John, notwithstanding all his innate stupidity in the art of clog-making, yet remembered the necessity of looking to the main chance. He knew that a change was as liable to take place in the Tabernacle as at Court; and, as courtiers who are afraid of being discarded endeavour to procure a pension, so he thought the best thing he could do would be to look out for a Meeting. He had been brought up to labour for the benefit of women's *supporters*, and now he resolved to become the supporter of souls. He knew that a clog-maker should not be idle; and as he was strong, robust, and active, he thought that he might procure a fortune upon condition of his being placed at the head of an Independent Meeting. In consequence of that hopeful resolution,

tion, it was not long before he prevailed upon a smith and a shoe-maker, in consequence of the assistance of a religious-minded lady, to build him one; but the clog-maker discovered such an attachment to money, and his hearers such an aversion to part with it, that he gave them the slip; the smith turned Deist, while the shoe-maker broke his heart and died.

I am, &c.



LETTER LX.

My dear friend,

THE clog-maker was not a fool where his own interest had any connection. He knew that religion had long been made a trade, and

he could not see any reason why he should not trade in it. He looked out for another Meeting, nor was it long before he got one; and, to facilitate his happiness, his wife died, and left him a widower.

There is a story of a certain Judge, who rose to a seat on the bench in consequence of his wife's having engaged the attention of a late Lord Chancellor; and certain it is, that nothing can more effectually operate in promoting the interest of a Dissenting Minister than a rich wife, especially among the Independants, where it is taken for granted that he is converted. It does not signify whether the conversion is real or feigned; for so powerful do these notions operate, that the *rich* Independent Minister, who has a daughter unconverted, is looked upon as no better than a Heathen; nay, his daughter

daughter is often obliged to tell fibbs in order to get a husband among the godly.

The clog-maker soon got acquainted with a *religious* widow, who had buried her husband *nothing loath*, and who was in some want of a new one. The clog-maker was a stout, well-looking fellow; he would have made a good figure in China; and as the female considered him only in one point of view, she did not hesitate in giving him her hand. In consequence of this happy concession, John was chosen Minister of a Meeting near where a celebrated Mass-house stood; and although he was entirely unacquainted with the nature of the controversy between Papists and Protestants, yet he made as great a noise in haranguing against the Whore of Babylon as ever his hammer did on the heels of the clogs.

Good fortune still attended him; for his second wife died childless, and left him a very considerable fortune in Bank stock and East-India bonds, all of which was her own personal property.

It was now time for John to look out for another help-mate. and it was not long before he found one. A rich usurer, who had married his servant-maid, died *intestate*, and she seized his whole personal estate, which was very considerable, because he would never put it out upon real security. She was *religious*; and, like Micah the Israelite, she loved to have a Priest, or, in other words, she wanted to be the wife of a Dissenting Minister.

That nothing might be wanting to complete her happiness, she put herself in the clog-maker's way, and it
was

was not long before he fell in love with her, or rather with her money. He found that the nymph was not any way backward to his addresses, and in the compass of a few weeks the fortress yielded without so much as one stipulated article of capitulation. So vain are vulgar women, and so like are they in the whole of their deportment to many of those who call themselves their betters.

The clog-maker was now in a thriving way; he took a genteel house near the out-parts of the town, and some rich fools, having become fond of his hypocrisy, because it suited their own, they built him a very elegant Meeting, where he now exhibits to a numerous congregation.

He had always an aversion to poverty, but that, you know, is extremely natural; and his daughter, a

thoughtless young girl, having married a rake, the clog-maker discarded her, and got one of his hearers to arrest the husband for a trifling debt, and he paid the last debt, namely, that of Nature, in the Marshalsea prison.

While the young man lay struggling under the agonies of death, and overwhelmed with poverty, the clog-maker would not give him one farthing; and when his cold ashes were buried in the grave, he refused to see his poor disconsolate widow, although she was pregnant, and entirely destitute of the necessaries of life. The clog-maker is now a great man, and even Stationers and Booksellers are his Bookfellers: however his day is coming, nor is it far distant.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

My dear friend,

THE history of mankind is a delightful subject; it enlarges the human understanding, and makes us acquainted with those motives by which the characters of men are distinguished. In order to acquire knowledge, a man has little more to do than to look about him; for, as the bee extracts honey from every flower, so may he wisdom from every occurrence in life; nay, even from the vices and follies of others.

I was led into these reflections in consequence of a visit that I lately made to the Jolly Doctor, Director ^x General of the Academy, - who knows how to *butter rolls* on a Christmas

^x Dr Conder.

Christmas day, and cut *slices* of boiled beef on a Saturday; who knows how to improve every occurrence in life, by preaching on the Prodigal Son during an eclipse, by preaching thirteen sermons on Joseph's party-coloured coat, during the last war, and by delivering a discourse in praise of œconomy, while he was acting on the plan laid down by the chicken butcher of Hayes. Indeed, gratitude obliges me tell you, that the Doctor's behaviour to me was civil, especially when it is considered that I had never been born any more than once. He asked me to sit down, sent for a bottle of red port, and when we had both lighted our pipes, the conversation turned upon the present state of religion among the Protestant Dissenters. The Doctor told me, that there were so many differences in the opinions of men, that unless a young minister

fter would fuit himfelf to them, he could not expect to live. “ But, “ pray fir, (faid I) fhould he not “ look upon himfelf as obliged to “ teach them truth, let their opi- “ nions be what they will?”

“ You may think fo, (faid the “ Doctör) but, I find, you are only “ a novice in thefe matters. For “ my own part, I love fincerity “ as well as any man does, but un- “ happily it will not go to market. “ Now, my way is this, and, I “ think, that as you are a man of “ fome penetration, you will not “ look upon it as either chimerical “ or whimfical. When the young “ fellows who come from the “ plough, or from mending kettles, “ are put under my tuition, I en- “ deavour to make them as wife as “ myfelf; and when I find that “ they are properly qualified for the “ work of the miniftry, I give them “ a re-

“ a recommendation to a vacant
 “ congregation, either in town or
 “ country, just as it may happen;
 “ for, with us, *all is fish that comes*
 “ *to the net*. I likewise give them
 “ prudential cautions how to con-
 “ duct themselves, so as to obtain an
 “ easy independent subsistence. I
 “ tell them to visit the leading men.
 “ I mean the rich ones; and when
 “ they have found out their senti-
 “ ments, to preach consistent there-
 “ with, so as to keep them together
 “ in a collective body. By these
 “ means they generally acquire po-
 “ pularity, for the poor will always
 “ approve of what is said or done
 “ by the rich, when they have the
 “ most distant prospect of turning
 “ it to their own advantage. Such
 “ is the form of instructions, fir,
 “ that I give to my pupils; and, I
 “ dare say, that you will look upon
 “ me as their friend rather than
 “ enemy.

“ enemy. And so, fir, (said I) you
 “ bring up your students to be the
 “ most arrant hypocrites that ever
 “ existed in the world ! But, pray
 “ fir, what directions do you give
 “ your pupils how to behave to the
 “ poor, many of whom are members
 “ of their Meetings ?”

The Doctor flung his pipe into the
 fire, and having replenished his sto-
 mach with a large glass of red port,
 called out, “ Hang the poor, we on-
 “ ly admit them as auxiliaries, in the
 “ same manner as the Empress of
 “ Russia does the Cossacks and Cal-
 “ mucks, in order to make the army
 “ appear greater than it is. Many
 “ of these poor people attend upon
 “ our ministry, and if they are nu-
 “ merous, a report is spread that we
 “ are popular preachers. This
 “ brings many rich ones to join us ;
 “ and, as some of them gives us a
 “ little

“ little money to distribute among
 “ the poor, so we can at least put a
 “ few guineas into our own pockets.”

I told the Doctor that I looked upon these practices in the most odious light, and could not consider them as any way consistent with the religion of Christians; and, for that night, took leave of him in the most friendly manner.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXII.

My dear friend,

AS the character, as well as the conduct of the Jolly Doctor, may raise an honest indignation in your mind, I must here beg leave to lay before you some of the most striking

striking anecdotes of his life, and leave you to judge of them in what manner you please.

The Jolly Doctor was born in the county of Cambridge, where his father acted in a double capacity, for he was both a farmer and a preacher. The old gentleman knew no more of learning, than what he had acquired by reading the Pilgrim's Progress, and Flavel's Meditations on a Green Leeke; but, for all that, he made a *shift* to *fleece* a congregation of poor, ignorant, country people, annually of fifty pounds, which they chearfully contributed, rather than go to their parish church.

When the Jolly Doctor learned to read his Bible, he was sent to drive the oxen in the plough; and, it must be confessed, that he made himself perfectly acquainted with the interior

rior qualities of carrots, cabages, cucumbers, onions, and barley. This pointed out a spirit of penetration; little expected in one who was naturally dull, and his father resolved to improve it to the most valuable purposes. Like Lewis the XIVth of France, and William of Wickham; Bishop of Winchester, he knew, in consequence of his own ignorance; the value of learning. Accordingly, the son was sent to the Academy in London, kept, at that time, by a minister, celebrated for writing a System of Divinity, in which he has endeavoured to prove, that, although infants will not be sensible of their loss hereafter, yet they will be confined in hell. When the jolly young gentleman had finished his studies, he was made choice of to be minister of a congregation in the town of Cambridge; and, as it was natural for him to look out for a wife,

a wife, he soon met with one *agreeable to his own heart.*

A tanner, in Ipswich, had a daughter, and, as it was reported that he was rich, the Doctor made his addresses to her, not doubting but that he would be able to make an entire conquest, especially as she loved a man.

Every preliminary being settled, the Doctor took his wife to Cambridge ; but, as she, like all other vain women, longed to be in London, so her spouse contrived a scheme to bring about so valuable an end. But pray, what do you think he did? Why, he wrote a pamphlet, in order to prove, that none but those who are divinely inspired, have a right to enter upon the work of the ministry. This was a most lucky hit ; and, although the

the Doctor was a most arrant block-head, yet it serves to point out, that he was as well acquainted with the operations of false religion, as with carrots, or cabbages. No sooner had the pamphlet made its way from the Buck and the Rose, than the Doctor was sent for by the bankrupt brewer, mentioned in one of my former letters, and he was placed at the head of the Academy. To compleat his happiness in temporal things, for he does not love spiritual ones, he was made choice of be pastor to a Dissenting Meeting, and ever since has lived on the spoils of fools.

The Doctor, however, is extremely clever in his way, and he does all in his power to suit himself to the humours of his people. I must further acknowledge, that his behaviour to me was always consistent with

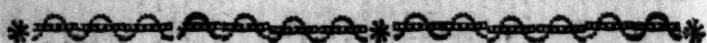
with the rules of good manners ; for, when my pipe was out, he told me *there was more corn* in Egypt, that is, there was more tobacco ready for my use.

I once advised him to preach the Gospel, and live consistent with the rules laid down in the word of God ; but the Doctor, taking the tin box in his hand that contained his diploma, declared, that if I mentioned one word more on the subject, he would throw it at my head.

Such, my dear friend, are the practices carried on by those men who dissent from the established church. They pretend to be wiser and better than others, but as they are subject to the same passions ; they ought to join hands and say no more. The Jolly Doctor said he would convert me, but I am assured
it

it is impossible; and therefore I shall take leave of him to make room for a new character.

I am, &c.



LETTER LXIII.

My dear friend,

CONSISTENCY in our actions with our professions in life, ought to go hand in hand together. Thus, if we tell people that we are divinely inspired, we should act consistently with Divine Revelation. We should not entertain others with an account of the wonders God has wrought for us, and at the same time, indulge ourselves in all sorts of sensuality. We should not teach others to contribute towards the relief of the

the poor, and, at the same time, shut our doors, as well as our hearts, against all their sufferings. In vain do we teach duty to another, while our own conduct clearly points out that we ourselves have no regard for it.

A Barbarian may stab us in a desert, a tyrant may order us to be put to death in an illegal manner, and an independent minister, or one of his younger brethren, (*both divinely inspired*) may suffer us to perish on the evening of that day in which they have been receiving money to relieve our wants. A highwayman may take from us as much as we have in our pocket, but let the member of an independent Meeting give the least offence to his *self-sufficient* pastor, or to any of the *leading men*, his character is sure to be traduced, and nothing is left

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undone to deprive him of a morsel of bread. In all companies he is represented as worse than a devil, and those are looked upon as no better than heathens, who will give him a meal of victuals.

I have been naturally led into these reflections, in consequence of attending to some parts of the conduct of Mr. Thomas Dish-clout,* an eminent Dissenting Minister in London; to which I shall subjoin the memoirs of some others of the class, as a corroborating proof of the truth of what I have here asserted. Thomas Dish-clout was born in London, of very poor parents; however, he is now a very rich man, and a hard-hearted one too.

Thomas had an aunt, an old rich miser; who, by usury, acquired a considerable sum of money, which

* Thomas Toole

she laid out in the purchase of a freehold estate in *fee simple*. She was member of a Meeting belonging to one Dr. Disguise, ^xa heavy preacher, and a voluminous writer, but one who knew how to get money. On his ministration she had regularly attended many years, and as she was rich, every one considered her as a saint. The divine manifestations of the spirit, were always uppermost in her mouth, while the love of riches was predominant in her heart. At last, death, like an able days man, came to summons her to appear before God; and, like the Miser in the Fable, who sent for the physician, she sent for Dr. Disguise.

The Doctor, ever ready to attend those who had money, came to her assistance; but, as ill luck would have it, he could not save her life.

The pangs of death were upon her, and the Doctor, like the Popish confessors, thought he might get something *out of her*. He told her, that her nephew was a wild, extravagant youth, who would spend her money in riotous living, and therefore advised her to leave it to him.

Almighty God, in the dispensations of his providence, had deprived the Doctor of his sight, so that he did not know that Thomas Dishclout was sitting beside him. However, Tommy soon convinced him of his mistake, and the independent at the age of fourscore, blushed for the first time. The will was already made, the Doctor returned home in disgust, the female miser paid the debt of nature, and Thomas Dishclout, at that time a student under the jolly Doctor, levied a fine, and sued out a recovery upon the estate.

One

One would have thought, that such an acquisition of property would have made Thomas a good man, and benevolent to his fellow-creatures, but all to no purpose; for Tommy, to use the common phrase, *knew better things*. He finished his studies at the academy; and having attended a few weeks at the Tabernacle, to convince the people that he was divinely inspired, he was made choice of by a congregation of Independants, in order to lead them to heaven. He was also made the secretary to that correspondence, which the English Independants keep up with those in America; and, upon the whole, was looked upon as little less than an Apostle. Ever anxious to get riches, he married a woman with a considerable fortune, and purchased a house for the valuable consideration of five hundred and fifty six guineas,

in a part of London where one of the city gates formerly stood; and which had been constructed by a man, who was a most zealous Independent, but lost his life before it was compleated.

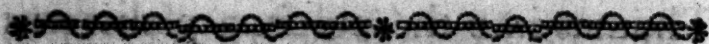
He was a dull, heavy, and most perplexed preacher, and read his sermons as a school-boy does his theme; but, for all that, and a thousand more distinguishing blemishes that marked his character, his hearers, most of whom were old usurers, pawnbrokers, &c. yet they built him a neat, elegant Meeting, containing so many seats, that there were at least two for each of the auditors. You know it is the practice in the Church of England, for the Bishop, attended with his Chancellor, and other proper officers, to consecrate all such churches as have been newly erected; and, I
can

can assure you, Mr. Thomas Disclout did the same. It is true, he had not a Chancellor along with him, but he had a drunken cobbler, who acted as door-keeper.

When the cobbler had ushered Thomas into the pulpit, a psalm was sung, and then his Reverence got up and blessed God for inspiring the hearts of the people to build so fine a temple. He likewise blessed God for giving such knowledge to the architect; (*by the bye it was not equal to the Adelphi Building, nor to the quondam house of the Earl of Bute*) who had finished such a noble structure, to be the admiration of all succeeding ages. He prayed that a blessing might attend his ministry in it, by which he meant, that he might get a considerable salary for his preaching; and he begged that God would send daily new hearers, by

whose subscriptions he might be able to purchase new estates, so as to leave his son with a qualification equal to that of the arch-patriots.

I am, &c.



LETTER LXIV.

My dear friend,

WHEN the blessed Apostle Paul took leave of his converts at Ephesus, he declared unto them, that he had coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel; and he mentioned a saying of our Lord's, namely, that it was more blessed to give than to receive. He often administered to the wants of the poor, but he never took any thing from them. He told the elders of

of the Church, that he was going bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing what might happen to him there, only that the Holy Ghost witnessed, that in every place bonds and afflictions were to attend him. He did not look for rest in this world; he knew that he was obliged to fulfil his Master's will, and now he is crowned with glory, honour, and immortality.

Perhaps you will say, that the great Apostle was a fool; let it be so: but, if he was a fool in the sight of men, he was not so before God. But allowing that he was a fool, I am sure Mr. Thomas Dish-clout was not so; for so regardless was he of heaven, that after he had told his Maker a great many tales in prayer that he knew to be false, he opened the Bible, and read the following words: "This is my rest,
I 5. "here

“ here will I dwell.” No bad place to repose yourself in, Tommy, (thought I) and it puts me in mind of what the Jacobites said of Bishop Burnet. That great prelate had undergone many hardships during the reigns of the two royal brothers, but at the Revolution, he was promoted to the bishoprick of Salisbury; upon which, one Waggstaffe, a furious Nonjuror, called out, that now he was come to a place of rest.

Having read his text, he began to take notice, that the Jews had been long in an unsettled state, but God having given them peaceable possession of Jerufalem, they built a Temple to his name and worship, and the dedicator called it his Place of Rest. He observed likewise, that all Ministers of the Gospel should seek for places to rest in; and added, that no place was so proper for rest

as a Meeting. Indeed, for my own part, I began to think him in earnest, because it was in a manner impossible to hear him five minutes together without falling asleep; but then I found that he had not provided the pews with pillows. This I thought rather cruel, because dulness itself could not relish his more than dull discourses: But Thomas loved money, and he would not buy either ticks or feathers. He was not so good natured as the judges, for, I remember, at a criminal trial, where the life of a very considerable person was in question, a petition was presented by the foreman of the jury, that unless they were indulged with a little rest, their lives would be in danger: After several arguments by the king's council on the one hand, and the council for the prisoner on the other, it was resolved by the Bench, that they should re-

ture into another room till next day, and beds for each of them, with other proper necessaries, should be brought in, that they might enjoy as much rest as would enable them to go through with the remainder of the trial. This was consistent with the principles of benevolence; but Thomas Dish-clout was of a different mind: He knew that before he had got half way through his sermon, which he read verbatim & literatim, he would see all his hearers asleep; and yet, for all that, he was so inhuman as not to provide them with cushions.

As the Independant Ministers always treated me with the utmost respect, in order to make me a convert, so one evening Thomas Dish-clout, having met with me at the house of his generous friend the bookseller, who always treated me
with

with kindness, he asked me to dine with him next day. I told him I could pay for a dinner; and, rather than take any thing from him, begged that he would give it to those who were in want. My reason for saying so was, that the preceding day, when he dedicated his Meeting, I had seen some poor wretches, seemingly as religious as himself, who implored an alms from him, but were served in no better manner than Lazarus was by the rich man.

Pshaw, (said he) you are a fool; come and dine with me, and I will teach you more than ever you knew; so that I consented: for you know, that information was my principal reason for being here. I love to see Truth and Falshood in their native simplicity; and I shall, at all times, be ready to present my dear friend
with

with an open and undisguised delineation of them. I shall, to use the words of the poet,

Catch the manners living as they rise.

When I arrived at the house of the Rev. Mr. Dish-clout, his wife received me rather in a stiff, formal manner; because, I imagine, she thought I was to come in a suit of laced cloaths, like the *worthy* Mr. Bulhead, whose adventures have made some figure in the former part of this work. An elegant table was spread, with a fine side-board of plate, and soon after we sat down to dinner. When the cloth was removed, and the glasses filled, I drank to the lady, and then she retired, with all the airs of vulgar importance.

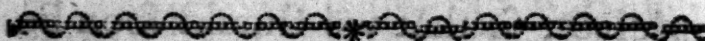
Thomas, who had in a manner hitherto kept silence, opened his mouth,

mouth, and told me that my notions of benevolence were altogether romantic. He said, that if we should give all the money we had to beggars, we would reserve none for ourselves, so that we should soon be as poor as them. I put him in mind of the character of Christ, who was to bind up the broken hearted, and set the prisoners free ; and, therefore, I looked upon it as his duty to do the same, while he had the means in his power. But he only laughed at me, and said, that Christians in the primitive ages were no better than fools ; for, were we to do so now, we could neither get silk gowns for our wives, nor buy elegant houses for ourselves.

At that instant madam made her appearance, and, as her looks were not the most promising I said no more,

more, lest I should have given her frowning ladyship any offence.

I am, &c.



LETTER LXV.

My dear friend,

THERE are some strange characters in the world, of which we have a most striking proof in the History of our Lord's treatment that he met with from the corrupt Pharisees and Saducees, when he exposed the abuses that had crept into their religion, and was nourished by them. He magnified the law, in order to make it honourable, and although he wrought miracles far surpassing human power, and sufficient to fill the mind of every person with wonder.

der and admiration, yet they said he did so by the assistance of the Devil.

Indeed, there is a notion of a similar nature too much encouraged at present in England; but, I must freely acknowledge, that none but the most wretchedly ignorant ever yet embraced it. What would you think of one who would declare, that our Saviour, in overturning the tables of the money changers in the Temple, was an enemy to religion? These practices were encouraged by the Jewish priests, because they reaped emoluments from them; and therefore our Divine Redeemer said, 'My House shall be called the House of Prayer, but ye have made it a Den of Thieves.' Supposing a surgeon is sent for to perform an amputation, and he does it, is he to be looked upon as cruel? Is a sheriff a man of inhumanity because he sees
the

the judgments of the courts executed? Surely not; for both are doing their duty. However, wrong principles are sure to lead to wrong practices. A Protestant, who has not thoroughly considered the notions of his religion will tell you, that even those who treat with ridicule all the fooleries of the Papists, does injury to Christianity. You have often read in the works of Popish writers, that the tricks they practice, in order to deceive the deluded multitude, who seldom look beyond the surface of things, are called *pious frauds*; but how piety and fraud can be joined together, I leave you to find out, for it is beyond my weak comprehension.

Mrs. Rowe, a lady whose piety and ingenuity were equal, and whose name will be treated with respect as long as religion and virtue are professed.

fessed and practised among men,
 has considered this notion as a dis-
 grace to human nature, and a dis-
 honour to that God, who requires
 truth in the inward parts. The ap-
 probation of such a person, is a
 thousand times superior to all the
 malevolence of little, insignificant
 wretches, who, like Mr. Ruin, the
 orator in the Old Jewry, has
 told us, that all mankind will be
 saved, if they are only sincere. I
 am of opinion, that the Druids, as
 well as their deluded followers, were
 very sincere, when they offered up
 human sacrifices; and so was the
 King of Moab, when he sacrificed
 his son; and the Carthaginians,
 when, in order to obtain the favour
 of their Gods, they put to death the
 flower of their young nobility.

I was led into these reflections in
 consequence of a conversation that
 passed

passed between me and another person a few evenings ago, on the subject matter contained in my former volumes. The person alluded to had not the most distant claim to the title of a religious man, for he neither goes to Church nor Meeting; and although he has a large family of children and servants, yet he never so much as prays with them either in the mornings or the evenings. Indeed, he is utterly unacquainted with the first principles of religion; and yet, for all that, no person in the world can be a more strenuous advocate for the abuses that have been brought into the Church by time-serving men, who had nothing but their own interest in view. He told me, that no person should write or speak in ridicule of the abuses of Christianity, lest they should mislead weak minds, for *pious frauds* might sometimes do good. ‘Strange,’ (said I) he

‘ I) he that doeth evil that good
 ‘ may come his damnation is just.’
 I mentioned to him the ironical manner in which the Prophet Elijah treated the priests of Baal ; but all to no purpose, for he cursed my book and myself into the bargain. He gave me to the Devil, as the Jolly Doctor did poor Goose.

You know that it is for your information that I write, and I am fully persuaded, that were you here, I could still shew you greater abominations than any I have yet mentioned. The outlines of the characters were all that I wanted to depict, leaving the secret motives to that God who alone has a right to enquire into them. I have, like a skilful surgeon, probed the wounds, and before I have done, I shall apply such a plaister as must either kill or cure. I love genuine religion, but I
 hate

hate whatever is false, let it be set off with the most specious pretences to Piety and Godliness. I have already cut off all the corrupt particles of matter, but I am not sure whether they will not grow again ; and I shall now introduce to you one of the most *exalted* characters in this age among the Dissenting Ministers. I say exalted, for if a pretension to learning and genius can entitle him to that appellation, he has less than one unturned to obtain it. He has actually called himself pious while he affected to be learned ; but he that is first is wise in his own conceit, till his neighbour cometh and searcheth him. Gratitude, indeed, obliges me to take notice of him in this place, because he went one day into a bookseller's shop, and *spoke well* of my two former volumes.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI

My dear friend,

THE person whom I am now going to introduce to your acquaintance, is Dr. Thomas Hymn-maker, of Hoxton Square, and preacher at the Hall between Cripplegate and Cheapside. His other titles are A. M. D. D. *Preacher, Experience-monger, Hymn-maker, Poet, Orator, Logician*, and a thousand other titles that I cannot recollect.

Thomas Hymn-maker was born in the county of Hertford, in the year 1713; and as his father, who followed the plough, had acquired a little money by sordid industry, nothing would satisfy him unless his son Tom was a minister.

× Dr Gibbons.

Accord-

Accordingly Tom was put to a Grammar-school in the county of Cambridge, near where a most shocking accident happened; and before he had compleated his eighteenth year, he became acquainted with the dry detail of occurrences in Florus; the wild romantic stories in the Metamorphosis of Ovid; and from reading the first book of Livy, he was actually able to tell that the mother of Romulus was ravished by the lascivious God Mars, while she was going to get a pail filled with water, in order to wash her under petticoat.

With such accomplishments (and few, I believe, will be found to equal them) he was sent to the Academy, where the Synopsis Criticorum, *cum multis alias*, were all put into his hands together.

together, and he resolved to make himself Master of them. But there was something in Thomas that inspired him with emulation, and as he knew that some great men had imitated those who had gone before them, so he resolved to imitate the late ingenious Doctor Watts.

It is well known that what Doctor Newton, the present Bishop of Bristol, said of Dr. Jortin, namely, that *whatever he touched he turned into gold*, might with the greatest propriety be applied to Dr. Watts. That eminent Dissenting Minister, under all the infirmities of a very weak constitution, published such works as will forever immortalize his name. As a Divine, a Philosopher, a Poet, and a Didactic Writer, he made every thing appear amiable, and having stripped religion

of that disguise, which serves only as a scare-crow, he painted her as a goddess to younger minds. But the most amiable characters can neither escape malevolence nor envy, for a rigid Supralapsarian inveighed against the Doctor on account of some of his latter writings, and the hymn-maker, unwilling that he should so much engross the public applause, resolved to share the laurels with him.

Accordingly he published several pamphlets and poems, which have long since graced the Temple of Cloacina. He likewise took it into his head that he could translate the Odes of Casimire, and actually sent so many of them to one of the Morning Papers, that the Subscribers refused to purchase the work. This vexed the Doctor a great deal, and in order to be revenged on the Irish

Staymaker (now a Counsellor at Law) who conducted the Paper, he published in every Company, that he had married the kept mistress of young Bob, son of a celebrated Alderman.

The Doctor all this time, while he was busy, in attempting to make himself ridiculous in loading the Press with rubbish of almost every sort, was still a loser, and such was the good sense of the Public, that the more Dr. Hymn-maker wrote, the lower his character sunk, and the more elevated did that of Dr. Watts appear. Indeed, I am not in the least injured by it, for I seldom purchase an ounce of Tobacco but it is wrapped up in a leaf of his works. Nay, I once sent for two ounces of Irish Butter, and upon the paper in which it was wrapped,

K 2

were

were written the following
lines :

Nature, her bravest efforts broke,
Would fain resign'd the strife ;
But ah ! my soul at dying shook,
And shiver'd back to life.

I shewed these lines to Philo, with whom I have lately become more intimate than ever, and the answer he made was, That he was not in the least surpris'd the Doctor should be afraid to die, seeing he was destitute of bowels of compassion ; an ill life, said he, has an ill end. I told him I was of the same opinion, for I could not see how an inhuman person could expect mercy from God.

Another of the Doctor's tricks was the following, which ought not

not to be passed over in silence, because it remains a proof of his inhumanity; but still his guilt will admit of an extenuation, because it was in consequence of the Jolly Doctor's advise.

A poor devil, who had formerly stitiched as a Taylor, happened one evening to go to the Tabernacle, where he was converted and became a new man. But not satisfied with conversion, he resolved to convert others, and for that purpose took a meeting in the outparts of the City. There, however, he had not exhibited long when he was accused of *posterior* affairs, or in other words, it was supposed that he had turned a *he-whore*; whether the accusations preferred against him were true or false, must be left to that God to whom the secrets of all hearts are open; for all the proof

brought against him was only of a presumptive nature.

However it reduced him to many hardships, and obliged him, like many others, to beg relief from some of the independent Dissenters. News of this being brought to the Jolly Doctor and the Hymn-maker, they both, in concert with some others of their brethren, inserted an Advertisement in the Daily Papers, advising their hearers to let him starve. Indeed it is not to be wondered at, for this jealousy arose on account of the poor devil's getting a little money. Thus you see, that jealousy operates as thoroughly on the minds of the Saints, as on those of women, who cannot bear with a rival.

I know not what you may think of this part of those worthy Gentlemen's

men's conduct, but to me it appeared truly diabolical. They were apprehensive, that, if the poor fellow contrived to procure a support, the Hymn-maker's wife would go without a silk gown, and the Jolly Doctor without a fowl for his supper. But what signified it to them, so as they could gull the people out of a little money.

There is a proverb often made use of when a wicked man reproves another, namely, *Satan is reproving sin*; and surely, when these over-fed Dons knew that they were rioting on the labours of their deluded followers, how could they find fault with a poor fellow creature coming in for a share. He was a labourer in the same vineyard with themselves, and I am not positively sure (to use Philo's words) whether he had not made as many converts as they,

they, for Mr. Strong, the Scotch Hair-merchant, once told me that the Jolly Doctor's students would never convert any souls to Christ, because they read their sermons.

Some other particulars of the *reverend, learned, and very ingenious* Doctor Hymn-maker shall be the subject of another, for, as Oldham the poet says, I mean to hang and gibbet up his name; that is, I mean to prevent his memory from sinking into oblivion, for Chandler-shops, with the temples of Cloacina, are apt to, be pulled down, and as his works are for the most part deposited in such *precious* places, there is some reason to fear that accidents may happen to them.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

My dear friend,

A Few evenings ago I happened to meet Dr. Hymn-maker at Hoxton Coffee-House, where he was drinking a glass of Yorkshire Ale, to enable him to murder some of the poets next morning, and keep alive the spirit. He invited me to dine with him next day, but I told him I could not comply with his request, because I had promised to dine with a friend; upon which the Doctor insisted, that I should bring my friend along with me. I am going (said he) to spiritualize an Ode of Horace as a morning exercise, but I shall take care to have a very elegant dinner ready by two o'clock.

I have lately had some valuable presents sent me from the country, and you are extremely welcome to a share of them.

The Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, told them, not to ask any questions for conscience sake, when food was set before them, for it seems they had some scruples on their minds lest they should have eaten things sacrificed to Idols. It was well for me that I recollected that circumstance, otherwise, I am afraid, my conscience would not have permitted me to eat of what the Doctor had procured in a knavish manner. But when I recollected, that unless I partook of the feast, perhaps the jolly Doctor might be invited, which would be no small loss to the Poulterers, I resolved not only to go, but also to keep myself as hungry as possible.

pre-

previous to dinner, well knowing that none of the fragments would be given to the poor.

The person whom I took along with me was Dr. Philo, the Scotch Lawyer; for Doctors, you know, have a particular regard for each other: perhaps you will say I was rather ill-natured to do so after the affair of the old breeches, but you know, I love a little fun, especially, when it is not attended with any dangerous consequences. I know that all Lawyers have brazen faces, and did not in the least doubt but Philo would accompany me. Indeed, I hinted my suspicions that the Doctor would break his head, but Philo coolly replied, that if he did so he would make him mend it again, either by indictment at the quarter sessions, information in the

crown office, or an action on the case for damages.

It is true, I did not understand one word of what he said, so I made no other answer, and we arrived in the square just as the clock at Shoreditch Church struck two. In my way thither I took care to fortify Philo with a couple of glasses of brandy, lest the florid countenance of the Doctor should have intimidated him; and the effect was, that no sooner had the Doctor's footman opened the door than he rushed in as bold as a Lion. The Doctor's Lady fled to the back parlour, the Lawyer's footman recollected the affair of the breeches at Doghouse-bar, and sneaked away to the kitchen like a condemned thief, while the Doctor himself almost thunder struck was obliged, consistent

sistent with good manners, to invite us both into the dining room. I saw he was vexed, but took notice that Philo was my friend, and as he had that very morning penned both *Fleta* and *Fitzherbert* for a dinner for his children, so I thought, that a little of his gleamings would be agreeable.

For my own part, as soon as I saw the turkey and chine, with two fine young leverets that had been taken in Endfield Chace by the worthy Mr. Bulhead's greyhounds, I resolved not to spare them any more than Bulhead and the Jolly Doctor did poor Goose the Taylor. But trifling was what I eat when compared with that devoured by Philo, who had as little mercy on the different dishes of victuals as ever a Lawyer had on a client, or the Attorney General when he
files

files an information against a Book-seller, to make him answer interrogatories. I am not sure whether Philo will ever take double fees, but sure I am he took from them a double quantity of those valuable articles which the Doctor had procured from the Country. I could scarce refrain from smiling during dinner, especially when Doctor Hymn-maker and his Lady cast a side glance at Philo: and that nothing might be wanting to render our time as agreeable as possible, it was proposed that the cloth should be removed, and some bottles of red port with glasses and a dozen of pipes placed on the table. It is very remarkable, that Independent Ministers, although hard-hearted and most unmerciful to those who are in want, are extremely free in treating such as stand in no need of their assistance.

But

But indeed in this they only make a feeble attempt to imitate the conduct of their betters. Many dignified Prelates will invite Noblemen to dine with them in the most luxurious manner, while a poor Curate is left to starve, because he had not a courtezan to put him into a rich living.

But let those things be as they will, certain it is, that the Doctor treated us in the most hospitable manner, and after lighting our pipes I found Philo, my Scotch friend, in a more than ordinary merry humour, for he seemed to have forgot Doghouse-bar as well as the old breeches, although he was obliged to keep his great-coat buttoned somewhat low to convince them he had them. Little did I think he was hatching mischief; but as I remember a vulgar Anabaptist-preacher

preacher say. There was no evil in the world which the devil had not a hand in, so before I left Hoxton-square I began to look upon Lawyers next in consanguinity to the devil.

Philo having fortified himself with two or three glasses of port to moisten the country presents and make the Tobacco burn more pure, proposed that some subject should be brought on the tapis, by which we might instruct and entertain each other. The gravity of my appearance, with my long beard almost equal to that formerly worn by Bishop Gardiner, made it natural to give me the preference in fixing upon some particular subject of debate. Philo having mentioned it to me, he was seconded by the hymn-making Doctor; at first I thought to have excused myself, but

but as both my friends were pressing I was obliged to look over the concordance of my memory in order to find out something proper for the occasion. At last I proposed, that, as I had the honour to be in company with a Divine and a Lawyer, the time could not be better spent than in pointing out which of their professions was the most beneficial to mankind, but the dialogue that ensued must be the subject of my next.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXVIII.

My dear friend,

THE game being now started,
or in other words the subject
matter

matter of conversation stated, the Hymn-maker spoke as follows:

Dr. H. Divinity is as superior to law as the soul and all its immortal concerns are superior to the perishing things of this world. An experienced Divine brings souls to an eternal inheritance which shall never fade away. But lawyers commonly help us to the possession of a temporal estate, a few poor perishing acres of land that may be swallowed up by a deluge, or seized by an enemy.

Philo. I shall not at present, Sir, dispute your qualifications as a divine; I doubt not but many pious persons have been edified by your sermons; nay, even by your hymns. But it is inconsistent with my duty, not to vindicate the profession of the Law as a rational science calculated to

to promote the natural and acquired rights of mankind. Your qualifying people for heaven may, for any thing I know, be only imaginary, and I think I am as well acquainted with eternity as yourself. On the other hand, Lawyers treat only of such things as present themselves to the senses, so that there cannot be any deception; you never yet was in heaven, and I have some reason to imagine you are not so forward of taking possession of your eternal inheritance as an heir at law is to *levy a fine* on a fee simple.

Gaff. G. Don't be warm Mr. Philo, for I must so far coincide with Dr. Hymn-maker, because I have often heard that you Lawyers are as great villains as ever lived in the world; nay, I have been told, that after you have abused each other

other for an hour together, you will leave the Court with your fees in your pocket, and laugh at the unfortunate clients who have been the dupes of your cunning.

Dr. H. Nothing can be more true than what you have now advanced, Mr. Greybeard ; for I am able to make good the charge against the Lawyers by my own woeful experience ; experience that made a deeper impresson on my mind than the remains of the Barn near Swaffam in the county of Cambridge.

You must know, Sir, that a *holy* old woman who had sat many years under my ministry went the way of all flesh.

Philo. To Drury Lane, I suppose.

Gaff.

Gaff. G. No interruptions, Sir ; have you never learned good manners in your Law Books ? let the Doctor go on with his story.

Dr. H. Well, Sir, this pious woman had only one daughter who had married contrary to her inclinations, and soon afterwards her husband became a bankrupt. But that was not all : The young huffey went along with her husband to the church, and as neither of them had ever been divinely inspired, the good woman left me her estate, which was a freehold, and worth about two hundred pounds per annum.

Philo. Well, Sir, I hope you levied a fine, for I should be sorry to hear that the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was cheated out of his perquisites.

Dr. H.

Dr. H. Fines! Fines! ay, I have paid since enough of fines, and I shall remember the Laws as long as I live. I imagined that I had nothing to do but take possession of my estate, but I was told that I must ask the opinion of Council.

Accordingly I went to an Attorney; but what do you think? The knavish Attorney told me that I must levy a fine, a term I did not understand; but he told me it was mere matter of form, and therefore he took me up to the Chief Justice's Chambers. As the king of the Amalekites said, I thought the bitterness of death was now over, but the next news I heard was, that a bill was filled against me in equity. I did not know what was meant by equity, but next day after my return from the Hall, a fellow called upon me and gave me a small piece
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of parchment, which he called an injunction.

In answer to this my Attorney entered what he called an answer, and for some months I heard of nothing but Exceptions, Demurrers, Rejoinders, and a thousand other names, more difficult to swallow than for the Jolly Doctor to gulp down a chicken. At last the Chancellor gave a decree against me, because no valuable considerations had been given, as he said, when God knows I had prevented the poor woman's soul from going to hell.

Philo. And surely his lordship did right, for how could you think to riot on the fortune of a woman, whose daughter was starving for a morsel of bread.

The

The Law of this Country knows nothing of your religious attainments, nor are such pleas ever admitted in our Courts. But what surprises me most of all is, that while you pretend to divine inspiration, you should be cultivating vice, and attempting to commit an act of injustice. Your pretensions to an intercourse with heaven while you go on in a course of iniquity, makes me despise your profession, and honour my own.

I am, &c.

END OF VOL. III.



